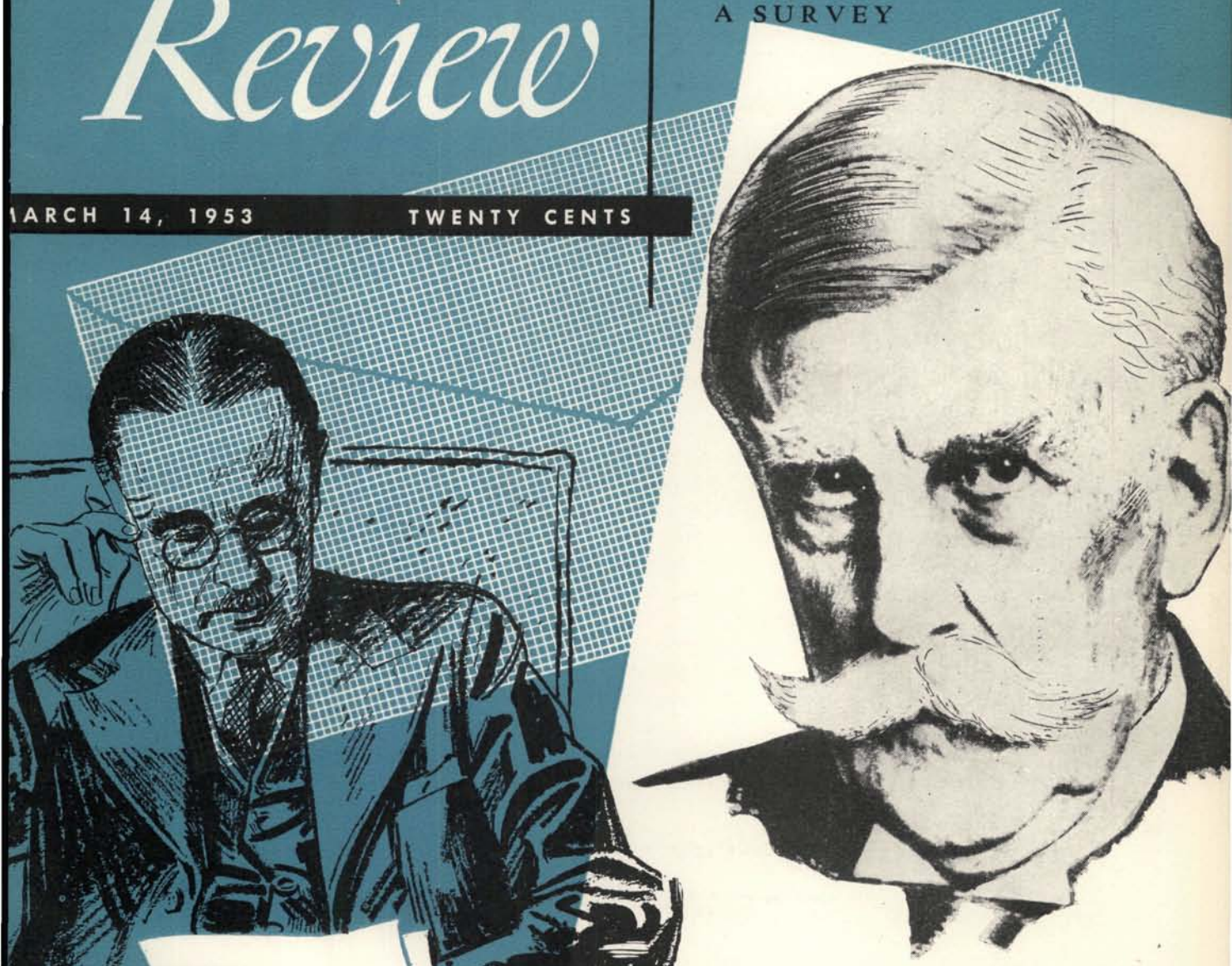
Saturday Review

ARCH 14, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

THE POSTWAR GENERATION IN ARTS & LETTERS

A SURVEY



Harold Laski and Mr. Justice Holmes, authors of "Holmes-Laski Letters." *(See page 21)*

The Cult of Acton

By HERMAN AUSUBEL

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The total revelation of a great creative artist

WILLA CATHER

A Critical Biography *by* E. K. BROWN

COMPLETED BY LEON EDEL

&

WILLA CATHER LIVING

A Personal Memoir *by* EDITH LEWIS

These two books finally complete the Willa Cather story. The first, by E. K. Brown, is the only authorized biography of the author of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and contains all the biographical information anyone is likely ever to gather about Willa Cather as well as an absolutely first-rate critique of all her writings. While a Professor of English at the University of Chicago many years ago, Brown wrote an appreciation of Willa Cather's work for the *Yale Review*. A friendly correspondence ensued, and after Willa Cather's death, it was agreed that he embark on a full-length critical biography. Only his unexpected death at forty-five prevented his completing it, but Mr. Leon Edel, himself a distinguished literary critic, undertook to complete the work from the copious notes left by Brown, and with the active cooperation of Miss Edith Lewis, Willa Cather's literary executrix and trustee. The final result is a work of major stature.

WILLA CATHER *Living* is a fascinating personal record by Edith Lewis, who met Willa Cather in 1903 and remained her inseparable friend until the latter's death in 1947. In the course of her cooperation with E. K. Brown and Mr. Edel she prepared many notes that have been here expanded. Certainly no one now living knew Willa Cather so long and so well. Certainly no one else could have written so interesting, so peculiarly intimate, and so beautiful a narrative as this lovely book has become.

Willa Cather: A Critical Biography . . . $4.00 *Willa Cather Living . . . $3.00*

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(*Published by Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Your bookseller should be able to show you all these books. Ask him for them.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher* • 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Every day 7,423 more mouths to feed

"Who will help me harvest my grain?" asked the farmer.

"Not I," said the hired man. "They need me at the defense plant and in the service."

"Then I'll do it myself," said the American farmer. And he did.

Last year the American farmer produced about 40% more livestock, vegetables, cotton, grain, milk than he did pre-war. And he did it with only 1% more land and 17% *fewer* man-hours. When you witness a productivity increase like that, you can guess electricity has been at work.

When the hired man left, the farmer called for more electricity and farm machinery. And he got them—at an incredible rate. In the past ten years his use of electricity has increased nearly 500%. Today American farms use twice as much mechanical and electrical horsepower as all manufacturing combined.

In jobs like pitching hay, pumping water, grinding feed, one electric horsepower is equal to the work of 22 strong men. That means that with electricity and automatic feed handling, a one-man farm can handle 20 or 30 cows. It means that where, eighty-two years ago, it took four farm families to feed a city family, today one farm family can feed and clothe itself and 15 other families besides.

People who nick at the American system imply that we in this country can use successful methods because we are rich. We prefer to think that the successful methods came first. Research, engineering and manufacturing skill produced modern farm machinery, pesticides, chemical fertilizers, electrical equipment. Such ideas and products were tested competitively in many places. The best were chosen; the rest discarded.

General Electric has been busy passing ideas and products along to the farmer to test for more than 25 years—how to motorize his pumping, dry his hay electrically, warm chicks with electricity, how to get his wife's elbows out of the washtub. Someone figured out that more than 400 different farm jobs can now be done electrically, which means better living for the farmer as well as better business.

This story has a happy ending for all of us. Tonight there will be 7,423 more mouths at the American dinner table than last night. In spite of Malthus, there need be no empty plates.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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¶ Do you remember that wonderful newspaper drama, "The Front Page"? And has it seemed to you that since the days of Hildy Johnson the newspaper game has grown serious; that all reporters have college degrees and remove their hats in the city room; and that the excitement has gone?

¶ If you feel this way, I have some good news for you.

¶ Newspaper novels written by newspapermen are submitted to our editors at least once a month. These novels follow a pattern. The hero is a young reporter who uncovers a civic scandal, and is kept from exposing it by a big advertiser. In the end, however, virtue triumphs. The reporter gets his story (and the publisher's daughter), and is made city editor.

¶ Most of these novels are turned down. Not only are the plots trite, but, to tell the sad truth, the writing isn't very good.

¶ A real exception is a newspaper novel which Doubleday *is* publishing. It is "The Wire God," a story by Jack Willard about the large newsgathering agencies.

¶ "The Wire God" ignores the pattern. Its hero is a villain, a genuine rascal who, by putting a knife in the right back at the right time, gradually becomes top man at a major wire service.

¶ It also breaks with tradition by being very well-written indeed; and this in itself is newsworthy because Jack Willard is actually *two* men on the Denver *Post* who have produced a collaboration which doesn't read like one.

¶ And in "The Wire God" they have written a newspaper novel which even Hildy Johnson's editor would have approved.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ "The Wire God" is published by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., and is available through all booksellers.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

MARCH 14, 1953

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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Good News

▶ A West German entering the Soviet Zone recently was searched by the Russian police who found copies of the Declaration of Interdependence in his overcoat pocket. The German was not able to explain them because his wife had stuffed them into his pocket without telling him. The copies were not confiscated and are now circulating in USSR. The Declaration is sponsored by the Interdependence Council, a non-profit organization headquartered in Philadelphia whose aim is "To develop an increasing sense in interdependence among people of all nations."

▶ Hundreds of men and women showed their courage during the disastrous North Sea floods. Outstanding among them was twenty-two-year-old Reis Leming, an American airman who volunteered for rescue work and using a rubber raft waded in neck-deep water to save twenty-seven Britons and Americans in Hunstanton, England. One official termed his acts "an unbelievable feat of heroism, a magnificent effort, deserving of the highest possible award." Leming cannot swim.

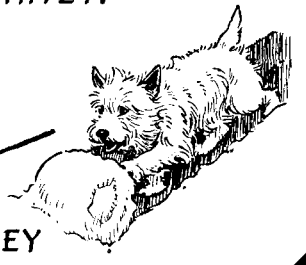
▶ One injustice to American Indians was righted recently when Superior Judge Arthur L. Mundo declared in a test case that the Mission Indians living on reservations of San Diego County, California, are as entitled to relief from the county as any other needy residents. "The test is not whether the applicant is an Indian," Judge Mundo ruled, "but rather if the applicant is needy and otherwise qualified for state aid."

▶ A milestone in the rehabilitation program at Oregon State Penitentiary was just passed when the first class of high school graduates in the institution's history received certificates. Only two years old, the penitentiary's high-school program will be greatly expanded if plans for additional staff and vocational training facilities receive legislative approval. At present all instructors are inmates.

▶ In Boston, city health commissioner Dr. J. H. Cauley reported that his city achieved the lowest maternal death rate in the nation in 1952, with only seven mothers dying as a result of childbirth. Boston also experienced the lowest infant mortality rate in its history last year. . . . In Ontario, Canada, Health Minister Dr. M. Phillips reported that Ontario now leads the other provinces in tuberculosis prevention.

Going... Going...

"I'M GLAD WE STAY THE SAME, WHITEY!"



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—JOHN BARKHAM, *Literary critic*

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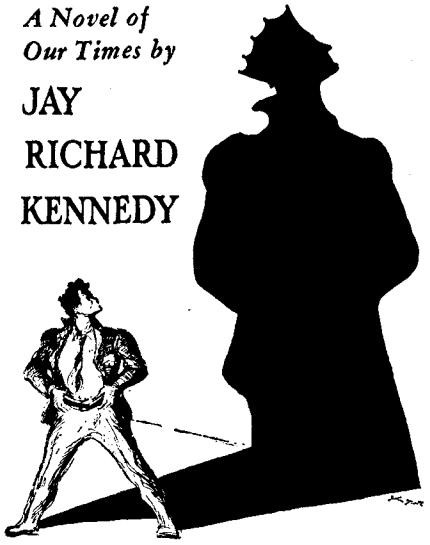
—A. KARDINER, *psychoanalyst*

A Novel of Our Times by

JAY RICHARD KENNEDY



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Adlai Stevenson RECOMMENDS

". . . readers should include every man and woman who, today is thoughtfully concerned about mankind's tomorrows . . . With his passionate concern for mankind, his logical mind, and one of the finest literary talents of today, Mr. Cousins, in his book, has filed a formidable brief in the case for enforceable world law."
—ADLAI E. STEVENSON
The Saturday Review

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$3.50 at all bookstores
The Macmillan Company

BUY DEFENSE BONDS

TRADE Winds

LA QUINTA, CALIF.

IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY that the Yanks and the Dodgers were locked in combat in the seventh and deciding game of the most exciting World's Series ever played, and Billy Martin saved the bacon for those Yanks—who always come up with something in the clutch—by that last-minute grab of Jackie Robinson's towering, wind-twisted infield fly. But here is the California greensward covered again with cavorting players in spring training camps, heralding another season. And in the bookstores literature available on the national pastime grows and grows. Many of the books are advertised as the brain children of big-league players themselves, although a child of ten today is thoroughly hep to the old ghostwriting routine. None of them quite makes the best-seller lists, but, on the other hand, most turn a modest profit for their publishers, with local exploitation usually good for the sale of a whole printing. And what better way is there to know a star of the diamond by his first name, thereby impressing both your eleven-year-old son and your switchboard operator, than by paying him to "author" "It's Fun to Be a Fielder on the Flooberville Flamingoes"? . . .

Arthur Daley tells about one player—a pitcher—who seldom is asleep at the switch. He's six foot six, and weighs about 220 pounds, so of course his nickname is "Jumbo." Some half-wit asked him, "Why do they call you 'Jumbo,' anyhow?" The pitcher, noting that the owner of the club was within earshot, answered, "That's easy. It's because I work for peanuts." . . . Speaking of ghostwriters, a Hollywood scripter boasted to me that a Washington Pooh-Bah had parted with six months of his salary to have a speech written for him on current farm problems, adding, however, "As you probably know, he's a dollar-a-year man."

TIDE MAGAZINE TELLS OF a California radio station that features a midnight-to-morn program presided over by one of those effusive disc jockeys who simply oozes personality and pep. One evening, however, his voice gradually faded away, to be replaced by the sound of rhythmic and emphatic snoring. A perturbed listener - in called the sheriff, who hotfooted it over to the station and roused the disc jockey from a deep slumber. He explained sheepishly, "Ya see, I'd been reading this darn mattress commercial three or four times, and . . ." . . . Raymond D. Smith meanwhile has been making a geographical survey of his *Cats Magazine*'s subscription list. He reports two subscribers in Paw Paw, Michigan; three in Kitsap, Washington; four in Catskill, New York; and one in Saskatchewan. But, alas, there's nary a faithful reader either in Mousie, Kentucky, or Rat, Missouri. . . . Who says bankers aren't big-hearted? Here's a note Emmett J. Garrity found in the *Chicago Sun-Times* just before the holidays: "The president of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank will make his annual tour of the bank on December 24 and present each employee with a Christmas apple. The custom of giving each worker an apple was started in the early Thirties." Just around the corner: Utopia.

BARNEY CHILDS, of the English Department at Stanford University, was unimpressed with a recent revival of Strindberg's "Miss Julie." In fact, he labeled it a "Seductio ad Absurdum." . . . And Dave Antman would have you believe that a banana sought out a psychoanalyst and pleaded, "Doctor, you've got to help me. A soda jerk has been trying to convince me I've got a split personality." . . . John Hodiak knows a small porcupine who was taking a constitutional in the California desert when he walked right into a cactus bush. He cried, "Is that you, ma?"

IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "So It Seems," Bill Chenery, the best editor *Collier's* ever had, recalls the time when the

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Coming March 18. $3.75

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"Vitality, subtlety and suspense" in an "unusual novel . . . expert and entertaining." *(N. Y. Times Book Review)* The story of four people trying to free themselves from fear. By the author of *The Willow Cabin*. $3.50

. . . AND THESE CONTINUING FAVORITES

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The turbulent story of Kate Chase, famous Civil War belle who schemed to win the Presidency for her father, Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's great Secretary of the Treasury. "One of the notable American biographies."—GERALD W. JOHNSON. $4.00

BIG BUSINESS:

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By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

"A provocative challenge to all of us to re-examine the nature of business and to adjust our economic thinking to the dramatic changes that have taken place since grandpa first became a trust-buster." — SAMUEL LUBELL, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $2.75

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

Subscription sets are as old as publishing, we suppose, but in recent years other methods of selling have become more common. Nevertheless, there sometimes comes along an important work, in many volumes, that must be published over a long period of time and that can best be sold by subscription. A span of years is needed for the complex work of editing and publishing; and this is fortunate for the subscriber, who can pay as he goes, a volume or two at a time. We are now engaged in publishing two such sets, one of international and the other of regional interest.

Because present-day writing flows largely in other channels, some of us tend to shy away from anything called a sermon and to forget that **The Sermons of John Donne** are one of the great monuments of English prose style. But we cannot read them aright "without realizing that this preacher was essentially a poet, who when he was debarred from the ordinary forms of verse threw his energy into weaving new rhythms and harmonies in prose."

Now, as the result of an across-the-sea collaboration between George R. Potter of Berkeley and Mrs. Evelyn Simpson of Oxford, a critical edition of the 160 known sermons is being published in ten large volumes, complete with introductions and scholarly apparatus. Volume one is ready, volume six will be along in May; the other volumes will appear as editors and publisher can complete the work. $7.50 a volume, by subscription.

Like a proper university press, we can turn quickly from the international to the regional. We are bringing out another set of books, important this time for the history of California: **The Larkin Papers,** the personal, business, and official correspondence of Thomas Oliver Larkin, the first (and only) United States consul in California. These documents, one of the great collections of the Bancroft Library in this University, are being edited by George P. Hammond, Director of the Library, and published in ten or more volumes, including a systematic index. The first three are ready ($10 each; $9 by subscription).

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

(Advertisement)

poet Eugene Field was cutting a big swath out Denver way. Field had a prodigious thirst, and ran up big bills at his favorite saloon—but was not very strong on paying same. The proprietor hated to cut off the credit of such an outstanding citizen, particularly since large numbers of equally thirsty cronies followed faithfully in Field's wake to hear his whimsical anecdotes. The proprietor solved his problem one day by slapping a receipted bill for Field's total indebtedness in his hands. There was no undue expression of gratitude on Field's part. Indeed, he roared, "When a man settles a big bill in these parts, is it customary or is it not for the house to set them up?" Gritting his teeth, the saloonkeeper provided a fresh drink for every man at the bar. . . . Do kids in public schools today, I wonder, still have to learn by heart Eugene Field's "The little toy dog is covered with dust,/But sturdy and staunch he stands;/And the little toy soldier is red with rust/ And his musket moulds in his hands," or "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night,/Sailed off in a wooden shoe;/ Sailed on a river of crystal light,/Into a sea of dew." . . .

AN URGE TO WAX POETIC welled up in B. Jo Kinnick, too, while crossing the University of California campus in Berkeley. Hence these lines on university towns:

University towns are towns where
Almost nobody combs his hair;
Washing of faces is even rarer;
Convictions are viewed with abject terror.
If you find it easy to figure out
What some lecturer is talking about,
Each of you is an ignorant lout,

Please Turn Off the Moonlight

By John Hall Wheelock

POET, aim to be smart,
Be clever and satiric,
Erudite, above all,
And never stoop to sing;
Reject the human heart,
Be witty, never lyric,
Verse should be visual—
And all that sort of thing.
A profile like that of a Greek monkey.

Whatever you indite,
Omit all feeling, passion
Is certain to offend
The analytic mind;
Take care that what you write
Is in the current fashion,
Follow the latest trend
And leave yourself behind.
She wrote in Spanish and he wrote in Brooklyn.

Learn what you have to do,
Verse should be "symptomatic"—
In a world that is not well
Don't try to make it fun.
Accent is now taboo,
It is most undemocratic
To stress one syllable
More than another one.
Did you know it's easier to chew glass than porcelain?

And, finally, make sure
You're not left unprotected
From readers, as from rain
A house without a roof.
Contrive to be obscure,
You'll soon be well protected—
Labor with might and main
Till you are reader-proof.
Ventriloquism, its place and purpose in the world crisis.

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Superficial, a man to flout.
Deep-dyed sins are called "releases,"
Pants are worn devoid of creases.
Women are innocent of make-up

But just as avid for the take-up.
Wherever the president's offices are,
You can't get a drink a mile from thar.

University towns are such
Not even students like them much!

Tom Burns Huber, of Columbus, Ohio, submits these lines "On Slapping a Fly with the Iliad Opened at Book XXII":

Proud insect, latest slain on Homer's page,
Caught in the toils of Fate, you've turned the trick:
You bleed with those that braved Achilles' rage,
But where immortal Hector fell you stick.

And Merwin Holtzman, of Louisville, writes:

My wife says to me, "Beg your poddin'
But you sit there niddin' and noddin'
It could be the book
Do you mind if I look?
Ah! 'The Poems of W. H. Auden'."

LA QUINTA MAY NOT BE TYPICAL of the nation's winter resorts, but I've noticed far fewer paper-backed reprints around the pool this season than in previous years. For the heck of it, I just cased the joint and here's what I discovered. There's a single paperback: A Ballantine edition of "The Witch's Thorn," by Ruth Park. More or less in use are two copies of John Phillips's "The Second Happiest Day," one each of "The Last Resorts," by Cleveland Amory; "East of Eden," by John Steinbeck; Faulkner's "Light in August"; Allan Seager's "Amos Berry"; Marjorie Rawlings's "The Sojourner"; Harry Scherman's "The Promises Men Live By," and (very weatherbeaten) Herman Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny." A lovely old lady from Chicago is drowsing over Carl Sandburg's "Always the Young Strangers" and four bright young things are doing crossword puzzles.

There was also one copy of "Good for a Laugh," but it fell in the pool the last time I got up.

—BENNETT CERF.

Galaxy Magazine & Simon and Schuster announce an award of

$6,500

for the best original

SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

IN ORDER to attract new writing talent to an exciting and increasingly important literary field, Galaxy Magazine has joined with Simon and Schuster, Publishers, to offer the largest single award in the history of science fiction. The closing date of this contest is October 15, 1953.

The prize-winning novel will (1) appear as a serial in Galaxy, (2) be published in book form by Simon and Schuster and (3) be assured of eventual reprint by Dell Publications.

The author of the prize novel will receive, at the time that the judges announce their decision, a check for $6,500. Of this, $1,000 will be an outright gift; the remaining $5,500 will represent purchase of first world serial, radio and TV rights by Galaxy and a *minimum guarantee* against book and reprint royalties.

THE RULES

1. The closing date is October 15, 1953. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date and should be sent to NOVEL CONTEST, Galaxy Science Fiction Magazine, 421 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

2. Manuscripts must be original (never before published in any form) and not committed to any other magazine or book publisher.

3. Novels submitted must be between 60,000 and 75,000 words in length, typed, doublespaced, with at least an inch margin on all sides, and each page numbered.

4. Manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for return.

5. There will be only ONE winner, but all other submissions of merit will be given full consideration for possible serialization in *Galaxy*, book publication by Simon and Schuster, or both, at standard rates.

6. There are no requirements, stipulations or taboos regarding themes. Fresh ideas and convincing characterization, conflict and plot development are the important criteria. Writers who enter the contest can best familiarize themselves with the standards of the judges through study of the science fiction published by *Galaxy* and by Simon and Schuster.

7. Sole judges will be the editorial staffs of *Galaxy* and Simon and Schuster. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Contestants agree, in submitting their manuscripts, to accept standard publishing agreements with the sponsors of the contest in the event that their novel is the winning entry.

9. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Galaxy Publishing Corp. and of Simon and Schuster, Inc., and their families; *and* authors who are ineligible because of contractual obligations to their present publishers . . . which means, in effect, that contestants will *not* be competing with most of the established "big names" of science fiction.

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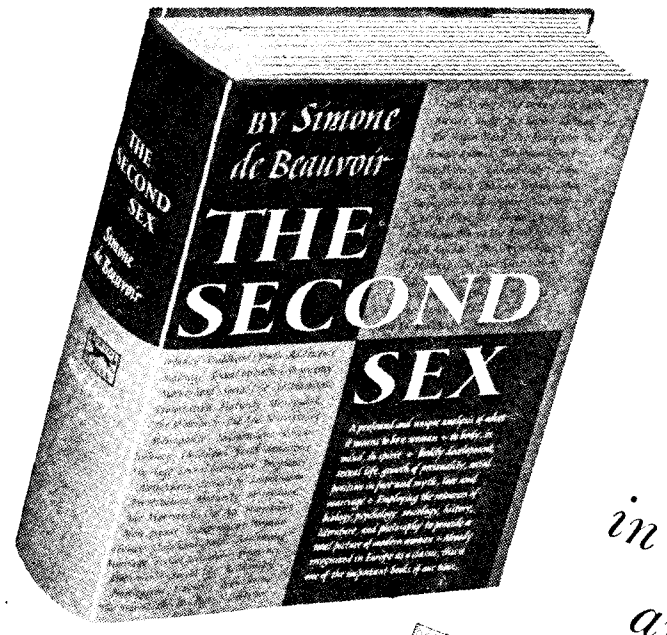

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EDITOR'S NOTE: In this issue *SR* broadens its annual special issue devoted to new literary talent to include a survey of the creative achievements of America's postwar generation. The survey embraces fiction, literary criticism, poetry, American history and biography, drama, movies, music, and the fine arts. Contributors were asked to select the outstanding new talents that have appeared since the war and to appraise the direction which today's young creative artist is taking. Although no arbitrary limits were set, this survey is directed to talent under forty whose work first came to public notice after the war. As a link with *SR*'s previous New Writer surveys, an interview with Ralph Ellison is also published in this issue. Mr. Ellison, whose "Invisible Man" won the 1953 National Book Award for fiction, is a bright exception to last year's slim pickings among first novelists.

The Postwar Generation in Arts & Letters

1. Fiction

Maxwell Geismar

THE postwar novelists, the men under forty, are in a difficult spot. The majority of them have their spiritual roots in the literary efflorescence of the Twenties. But that period was not the start of a literary renascence, as everybody then thought, but rather the culmination of a movement that began with Stephen Crane and Jack London. By the 1920's the main force of this development in American fiction had already moved into the areas of technique and of individual sensibility: the high points of any esthetic movement, and also the start of its decline. By now the literary power of the Twenties is becoming increasingly attenuated. The best new writers of today can hardly derive much real sustenance from it. But where does all this leave them? And in what directions can they go?

Among the writers whom John Aldridge grouped together in his provocative book "After the Lost Generation," perhaps he is right in praising Gore Vidal as almost the only one who has developed, rather than merely rehearsed, the typical themes of the 1920's. Surely a Truman Capote is too often only a Faulkner in fancy dress; his true metier, if I can guess at this, is probably closer to the innocent and lyrical scenes of William Saroyan. Frederick Buechner, who really did write a novel according to the best precepts of the New Criticism, came a cropper in his second book. A young writer needs more to keep him going than the amenities of an academic horizon. Incidentally, what is interesting today is that the level of college education is higher than in the previous generations of American novelists, many of whom were self-taught, rebellious, and isolated figures. But a formal education is not necessarily a good thing for a writer if it also means a lack of personal and lived experience during the formative years of his youth. The sheltering wings of learning and of reason which appealed to Ellen Glasgow, for example, were no substitute for the primary conflicts of life which she had missed.

In this first group of writers I myself prefer John Horne Burns or Jean Stafford, when her mature and sensitive talent succeeds in breaking through what almost appears to be a type of neurotic armor. And I omit Paul Bowles, whose recent offering showed to what extremes of cynicism (and commercialism) the novel of technique can fall. But directly opposed to these figures in the contemporary scene, there is a second group of deliberate realists and naturalists. Despite a series of critical obituaries which keep on proclaiming the death of realism in modern fiction, the best novels of the last few years have come from this area.

I mean such works as Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and James Jones's "From Here to Eternity," both of them solid and memorable books in a central line of American prose fiction. Out in Chicago, Nelson Algren, whose "Man with the Golden Arm" won the National Book Award for fiction in 1950, has pursued the same vein. "Never Come Morning," an earlier novel of his, was an excellent study of second-generation immigrants cheated and betrayed by the mores of a money society. "The Neon Wilderness" was a good collection of short stories on the same theme. Last year a new writer, Leonard Bishop, published a powerful if sometimes uncouth novel about a similar section of the national life, the East Side Russian Jews in New York. And Ira Wolfert's "Tucker's People," a study of the numbers racket during the Depression years, still remains one of the best novels of this genre.

THIS whole group of writers, incidentally, was more or less ignored in Mr. Aldridge's survey of post-World War II fiction. He is too good a critic to let himself be beguiled, as Delmore Schwartz has recently pointed out in the *Partisan Review*, by the snobbish cult of manners and social class, whatever that means in

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials." The third volume in this series of literary studies, "Rebels and Ancestors," will be published in the fall of 1953.

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John Horne Burns, Truman Capote, Frederick Buechner, Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, James Jones, William Styron, John Griffin, Ralph Ellison—"in a difficult spot."

the real context of American culture. Does one really have to polarize these two phases of contemporary writing into a false dichotomy, or divide them off by such tags as Brutes and Esthetes? In the contrast between the literary worlds of Henry James and of Dreiser the separation was already clear. But to set up these schools as irreconcilably opposed to each other—to choose one or the other as the standard—only weakens the value of both, and of the tradition which includes both; only proves oneself to be an idiot. As in the world of political affairs today, the tendency to view history, along with literature, in these terms of polarized extremes can lead to disaster as well as to comedy.

In point of fact the two historical schools at the turn of the century —the expatriates and the native realists—had as many resemblances as differences. A common culture had produced them. And among the younger writers today the most promising figures are likely to combine both points of view, even both techniques. The prose style of William Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness" was influenced quite as much by Thomas Wolfe as by William Faulkner: two writers who are also viewed as permanent opposites in some quarters. (And there was the young critic who once asked Maxwell Perkins how he could publish Hemingway *and* Wolfe.) Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," another winner of a National Book Award, actually combines the farthest extremes of poetic symbolism, in the vein of Kafka, with the bed-rock actuality of Negro life in these emancipated states.

Probably the main trouble with John Hersey's "The Wall," a novel which I admire but which has been accused of being "documentary," is simply that the writer's sensibility would not let him accept the facts of human horror and degradation which are described in the documentary records of Nazi behavior. It is curious, too, that perhaps the most original novel recently published, and one that deserves a wider circulation than it has had, John Griffin's "The Devil Rides Outside," almost completely violates, as in a sense all original novels do, the critical canons which are usually set up for the convenience of literary histo-

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2. *Literary Criticism*

Ray B. West, Jr.

AMONG serious writers the word "essay" has come to denote the "critical essay." There are, in our day, few writers of personal reminiscence, of nature essays, or of humor. A few books written by our younger writers may be said to use an essayistic style—such books as Marguerite Young's "The Angel in the Forest" or Eleanor Clark's "Rome and a Villa"—but our age is, as William Van O'Connor has recently suggested, "an age of criticism."

The critical essay differs from the personal essay and the magazine article by its seriousness and its selectivity. Its appearance has been limited almost wholly to the literary quarterlies and books with a small circulation. It does not make—and does not pretend to make—a wide popular appeal. It has at times been condemned as obscure, jargon-ridden, pretentious, and even unpatriotic. Yet, when the history of our times comes finally to be written, it will probably be discovered that the critical movement during the first half of the present century had a more profound effect upon American letters than any similar movement at any time in our history.

It is usual to think of modern criticism as stemming from the early writings of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound and from a profound conviction that letters in England and America had gone astray during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Other names associated with it would include Edmund Wilson, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, R. P. Blackmur, and Yvor Winters. In time they were joined by a second generation, composed primarily of authors such as Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Lionel Trilling, Austin Warren, Philip Rahv, Francis Fergusson, Mark Schorer, Arthur Mizener, Eliseo Vivas, Robert Heilman, and others. By 1940 the movement—if it may be called such—had acquired the name of "The New Criticism." It was about this time that the writers of our present generation—the generation of writers under forty—began to appear in print.

Who are they? What are their be-

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liefs, their accomplishments? For obvious reasons, the answer is not easy, and even if it were, a firm evaluation would be all but impossible. Perhaps one might say, as has been said of philosophers, that they should not begin to write before the age of forty. If they do, then certainly their best work will come later. Yet they *have* written, and there is material to be reviewed and examined. One value, at least, which might come from such an examination would be, not only to trace dependencies, but to determine whether new directions are being taken and to discover if possible what they are.

I ASSUME that there is no doubt about the tremendous influence wielded upon our younger writers by the so-called "New Criticism." This is clear, I think, through the pages of the literary quarterlies, where most of such writing has appeared initially during the past fifteen years. *Partisan Review, Kenyon Review, Sewanee Review, Hudson Review, Poetry, Accent,* and *Western Review* are the inheritors of editorial aims first proposed in such magazines as *Blast, Criterion, The Little Review, Hound & Horn, The Fugitive, The Dial,* and *The Southern Review,* which first published the old New Critics. The resemblance may be no more than that of grandson to grandsire, but the genealogy is clear. The authors who appear today on the publishers' lists with volumes of criticism appeared almost without exception first in the pages of the literary quarterlies, and all show in one way or another a respect for the attitudes which these periodicals represent. I am thinking of such authors as Harry Levin, Alfred Kazin, Richard Chase, Delmore Schwartz, Albert Guerard, Jr., Randall Jarrell, William Van O'Connor, Frederick J. Hoffman, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Irving Howe, Hugh Kenner, Leslie Fiedler, Hannah Arendt, Mary McCarthy, H. H. Watts, Hyatt Howe Waggoner, Elizabeth Hardwick, John Berryman, Robie Macauley, Joseph Frank, William Barrett, Brom Weber, John Aldridge, R. W. Stallman, Richard Ellman, W. K. Wimsatt, Philip Young, and Charles Neider.

This is not to say that the quarterlies are all alike. But they are as similar as the generation of young writers who contribute to them. The magazines may vary from the urban intellectualism of *Partisan Review* to the pseudo-regionalism of *Sewanee Review,* but almost any of these authors is likely to appear at any time in any one of the current periodicals without arousing comment or surprise.

This is not to say, either, that such

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3. *Poetry*

Horace Gregory

IN 1953 American poets are in another season than the one they inhabited twenty or even ten years ago. Young poets have discovered that war as a literal subject for verse is soon exhausted; in journalistic verse the journey from Marx to MacArthur did not succeed. Literal politics are not the concern of poetry. Something more profound was demanded and sought; the myth in capital letters was invoked, and then religion. The poet as the sentimental professional rebel vanished; in his place was the young instructor of English in privately endowed colleges wearing a Brooks Brothers uniform. Books of new poems and poets were less read and anthologies thrived, and then from overseas came Edith and Osbert Sitwell and Dylan Thomas, whose dramatic performances in reading their own verse delighted those who feared that Romantic charm had completely disappeared from poetry. The revival of hearing poetry read aloud and read extremely well is still felt and still enjoyed; and younger poets within the next ten years are likely to rediscover traditional relationships which have always existed between music and poetry.

More than half of the observations I have listed above describe the fashions of the day which can be discerned among the new books I have read. Among other things that come to light is the hint that the poetry of Wallace Stevens is more closely read by his younger contemporaries than it was ten years ago; this is, I think, a tribute to an elder poet, and in all probability he holds a position not unlike that of T. S. Eliot's twenty years ago. Most of these signs are cheerful enough and should not be alarming, yet darker shadows are behind the door.

One reason for a hint of darkness is the lack of an *avant-garde* movement in America; fewer little magazines exist; fewer books of poems are published. In America, if poets are sufficiently unknown, they remain young poets until they reach the benign or embittered age of sixty-five. The pages of the now ancient *avant-garde* annual "New Directions" is still open to them: age cannot wither them there. Its swinging doors have the hospitality, half light, half dark, of McSorley's Saloon. Although little enough seems to happen inside, one would hate to see it boarded up and closed.

In this connection *Poetry* of Chicago still exists, and through the valor of Karl Shapiro, its present editor, its policy of representing all schools and kinds of poetry is sustained. Shapiro has not published a book of poems for several years; I assume that his task is a difficult one for any poet and one that means the sacrifice of time for writing poems.

I have described, sufficiently I hope, the general climate in which new books of poems are written and a very few are published. Of those I have read written by poets under forty, Robert Lowell's two books, "Lord Weary's Castle" and "The Mills of the Kavanaughs," has the greatest reward for those who reread poems. Praise of his highly charged, compressed lines of verse is, of course, gratuitous. His poems imply a tragic sense of life behind them and they offer no facile solutions for those who enter, as Lowell has done, the Roman Catholic Church. His accomplishment has been no less difficult than that of Gerard Manley Hopkins, whom he has not imitated;

Robert Lowell and Richard Wilbur—"literal politics are not the concern of poetry."

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the pleasure of reading either of his books is that he has found his own way of writing poetry. He is still an unfinished poet; he leaves the impression of having more to say, and, incidentally, his scenes of the New England coast line are as memorable as the poets of the elder New England tradition who wrote when Boston was the little Athens of America.

IN contrast to the poems of Lowell there is Richard Wilbur's book "Ceremony," which is poetry of understatement and lyrical poise. It has its own quiet felicities and charm; its deepest danger is that too many poems are afflicted by what Pound called "the magazine touch," by being the kind of verse that falls too inoffensively into the blank spaces below an article on "Where is the World Going?" In reading a poet of Wilbur's sensibility, it is well to remember that Rilke's early lyrical poems lacked distinction; nor should Wilbur suffer too much unthinking patronage; at the moment it is enough to say that he stands at measurable distance from his contemporaries; he is not quite like them.

Through a likeness in title, "Celebration at Dark," William Jay Smith's poems have a superficial resemblance to the poems in "Ceremony." Smith's lyric gift has a wider range than Wilbur's; it is more adventurous and has a brighter surface. The promise they offer is of a different kind; for the past few years Smith has been translating the poems of Jules Laforgue, the Symbolist poet, who left his mark upon the early poems of T. S. Eliot. Smith's translation is among the superlative translations of French verse into English; it is firm and yet light and brilliant; Smith's promise is in the direction of emulating, not imitating, Laforgue.

Of younger poets who have published widely perhaps the most neglected figure is Delmore Schwartz; this is said not to heap coals of pity on Schwartz's poems, but to say that in his latest book, "Vaudeville for a Princess," the quality of his wit still lacks appreciation. It is easy to see why the book had less notice than it deserved; its passages of prose, printed between the poems, diverted and bewildered readers and reviewers; nor was it fortunate that the plan of the book identified its author with Danny Kaye, and to this was added the mistaken idea that the Princess, now Queen Elizabeth of England, admired Danny Kaye. It was the Princess Margaret who praised the

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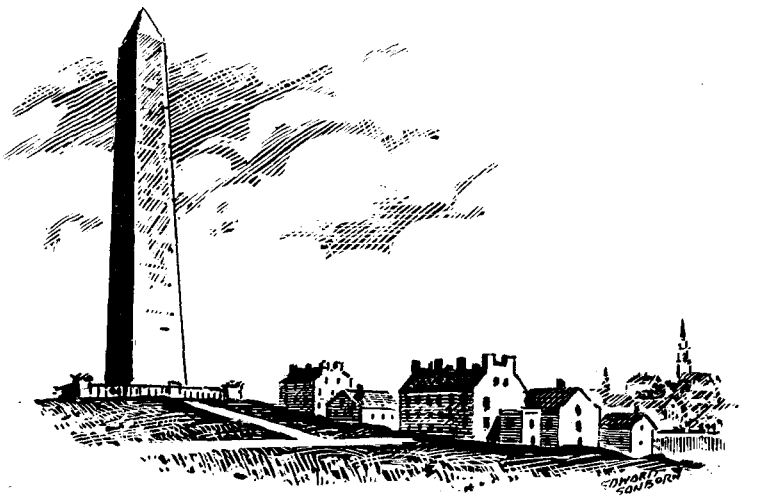
Horace Gregory is a well-known American poet, critic, and anthologist.



4. *American History*

John D. Hicks

I REMEMBER being greatly impressed as a young graduate student in history when my chief mentor pointed out that the really great writers of American history were all still alive. He exaggerated a little, but there was much truth in what he had to say. John Bach McMaster and Henry Adams, James Ford Rhodes and Edward Channing, John T. Morse Jr. and Albert Bushnell Hart were all still actively at work. The two last mentioned were editors as well as writers. Morse in his "American Statesmen" and Hart in his "American Nation" drew into these cooperative series nearly everybody who was anybody among the current writers of American history. One of Hart's greatest triumphs, he always claimed, was to get Frederick Jackson Turner to write his "Rise of the New West." Turner was a queer one—there is one such, rarely more, in each generation. He could write a terrific essay, and did; his "Significance of the Frontier in American History" was more influential than most books. But he just couldn't settle down to the customary eight- or ten-volume sort of thing then expected of the truly great.

Well, that was one generation. Along about the time of World War I its day was done, and a new generation took over. The men of this period were tremendously influenced by the war itself, and by the decade of unlimited expansion that followed the war. They revolted a bit from the earlier emphasis on political history, and sought economic explanations even for political developments. I suppose that in a way Charles A. Beard was the outstanding leader in this generation, but there were many other names of consequence: Vernon L. Parrington, who sought historical motivations in American literature; Herbert E. Bolton, who emphasized the almost forgotten unity of the Americas; Carl Becker, who brought together eighteenth-century developments on both sides of the Atlantic; Albert J. Beveridge; Frederic L. Paxson; William E. Dodd; Samuel Eliot Morison; James Truslow Adams; Douglas Southall Freeman; Claude Bowers; and a host of others. This, like its predecessor, was a great generation in American history and biography. It sought to understand and to explain, in the light of the past, the newly arrived United States, to show how it had achieved the status it held, to find out, historically speaking, what made it tick.

But again the scene is shifting and again a new generation is taking over. The newcomers, like their predecessors, have been conditioned in part by cataclysmic events—in their case, the Great Depression and World War II. The young men now arriving, or recently arrived, at the age of forty have never known placid times as adults. They were just finishing high school when the panic of 1929 broke; they were in college and graduate school, if they could manage it, during the bleak years of the Depression; they were barely getting started on their own when World War II hit them. Some went into service, others did not, but in either event their lives were deeply affected by the raging conflict that surrounded them. Even the postwar years have been full of abnormalities. I remember well the remark of one of my colleagues during a dark period of the war: "It could

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be worse," he said, "just wait until peace breaks out." He was right. Peace instead of bringing quiet to the world has brought the assurance of continuous tumult instead, a Cold War that at any time may turn hot, a hot war in Korea that may never turn cold, storm and stress in Indo-China, in Malaya, in the Near and Middle East.

THE new generation, brought up on such a diet, has a right to feel a little grim and suspicious. It finds difficulty in accepting readily all the old values. Its faith in the future is considerably short of buoyant. It tends, quite understandably, to have an obsessing interest in its own times: the number of books on the immediate past by the new writers is disproportionately large, while many books that supposedly are concerned with some remoter age seek transparently for parallels with the present. It is hard to escape the conviction that the young writers are worried, worried about what may happen in their time to the world, to the United States, to themselves personally. They exhibit little of the sense of security that sat sedately on the shoulders of a James Ford Rhodes, who knew full well that the principal troubles of the United States were over, or a Ray Stannard Baker, whose faith that all would come out right in the end never faltered. They are not even certain that democracy, American style, is the universal panacea that their predecessors so generally believed it to be. Nor have they any other panacea. The number of those to the extreme right or to the extreme left is negligible. They are surcharged with disillusionment.

There is another generalization about the new historians that is at least as true as most generalizations. They are products of the city rather than of the country; they are urban-minded, not rural-minded. This does not mean that all of them have been born or have grown up in large cities, although I suspect that for most of them this is true. It means, rather, that they reflect in their attitudes the triumph of the city over the country in American civilization. Time was, not so long ago either, when American towns and villages looked primarily toward the country. Even the cities were merely overgrown country towns, or sometimes collections of towns that had grown together. Most of the people who lived in them knew about the country; indeed, many city residents, including the immigrants, had grown up in a rural environment. But in these later days the country has come to look toward the city; the old-fashioned rural America is on the way out. Country towns imitate the city in every possible way. The farms themselves are no longer farms in the old sense, but merely factories for the production of certain basic commodities. Farm life, like city life, depends on mechanical gadgets, and the isolation of earlier times, thanks to the telephone and the automobile, has completely disappeared. The city has moved out into the country.

It is inevitable, therefore, that our new historians, brought up in the new environment, should take a diminishing interest in the old rural America: they often cannot even understand it. For these "asphalt flowers," as Charles A. Beard in an impish mood once called them, the significance of the American frontier, which made good sense to rural-minded Americans, makes almost no sense at all. They sometimes show also a certain impatience with the problems of agriculture, even the kind of agriculture we now have, and make what haste they can to get on to the really important subject of labor, which presents problems that they can more fully comprehend. They tend thus to be not only present-minded but also city-minded. They cannot always see the woods clearly for the large number of city skyscrapers and factory chimneys that get in the way.

It is much easier to talk about the younger generation as a group than as individuals, and any naming of names is sure to be misleading. Many of the best of them may as yet be undiscovered—a five- or six-year term of military service takes quite a piece out of a young man's life, and some have even been recalled from the reserves to active duty. Also, there are those who now seem to be headliners but may fall behind later on; the man of one book is a hardy perennial in every generation. But there are quite a few who will bear watching. For the

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5. *Drama*

Henry Hewes

IF you should turn to a haggard young author in his late thirties and call him a "promising playwright," he would probably reply by bashing you over the head with one of his unproduced scripts. For if there is one thing that distinguishes the post-World War II period, it is the difficulty of going from the category of being a promising playwright to joining the select circle of "great playwrights." And apparently for the serious young writer, these are the only two categories that exist. The upshot of this situation is that whereas in the eight years following World War I we developed a long list of good playwrights that included Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, Elmer Rice, Robert Sherwood, and Philip Barry, in the present eight-year period under review we have only two—Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. The rest of our writers for the stage remain in a kind of theatre purgatory where the conditions militate against their ever accomplishing the best that is in them.

These conditions, which leave us with so many promising playwrights but only two sure-handed enough to turn out top-drawer scripts with any consistency, are generally believed to be:

1.) *The high cost of production.* Failures today cost five to ten times what they did in the early Twenties and this fact makes it difficult for the author of anything less than a potential smash hit to get his play produced. Since a script is really not a play until it is produced, authors become discouraged at the prospect of wasting months of work towards something that has but a slim chance of being realized. Once his play is in production, the cost factor still operates. Producers and directors made nervous by large amounts of capital riding on the outcome, and knowing that the large operating costs will not permit a moderately good play to run, impose pressures on the playwright which cause the final result to be something quite different from what he had originally envisioned. If his play is a hit he does not feel that he is responsible, and if it is a failure he blames the production. In either case he has lost his identity and his self-confidence.

2.) *The competition of other media.* Television, radio, and motion pictures offer surer remuneration and require less ability. The potential playwright is rightly tempted to go into one of

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these fields, particularly if he has family responsibilities. While there is no reason why a successful TV writer cannot come back into the theatre with a successful play, it doesn't often happen. Once in the groove of supplying the requirements of a commercial TV script, it is difficult to reawaken anesthetized sensibilities.

3.) *The restless world situation,* which has inspired caution and self-censorship in playwrights who might otherwise write with more fervor and honesty about contemporary themes. One playwright has shelved a completed script because its theme is that the present-day United States is a betrayal of the principles under which the nation was founded. He feels that production or publication of his play might result in the loss of his passport, not to mention the financial loss which could come from Hollywood's boycotting his work.

4.) *The economic and artistic conventions of our current theatre,* which make it almost obligatory to squeeze the entire action into one setting, and which prohibit straying too far into the realm of poetry, intellectual concepts, and allegorical or symbolic drama.

5.) *The injustice of hasty judgments.* Playwrights point out that under the pressure of deadlines, drama reviewers have frequently killed a play which upon reflection they have later recalled as "one of the year's best."

6.) *The difficulty of learning the trade.* The only way to learn to write plays is to write one, watch it being rehearsed and performed, and then write another which benefits from the mistakes of the first, and so on until a talent has been developed which is not just writing talent, but a talent for knowing how to transmit ideas and feelings in collaboration with the actor, the director, and the scene-designer. A playwright will not learn this from having one play produced every three years. But actors and directors who have a long experience on the stage often learn it and go on to write better plays than writers with a great deal more intrinsic talent.

TENNESSEE Williams seems to have survived these handicaps because of his high degree of concentration on the world of the subconscious. However, it must be remembered that he learned his trade the hard way and that it was four years between the production of his first full-length play and "The Glass Menagerie," which established him. During his difficult years he received financial aid from scholarships and foundations, and being unmarried he could afford to live on very little. Arthur Miller left the

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6. *Movies*

Hollis Alpert

HOLLYWOOD'S current excitement is over the heady possibilities of the three-dimensional screen, and one can sense a sudden and new-found confidence in the picture makers. There is far less talk of economy and a good deal more talk of investing money in projects that will bring fat returns. The public apparently will buy the 3-D product, and Hollywood—being essentially one of the more wacky forms of big business—feels at home. Just give the public what it will buy; everything will be fine. This is not the time to cast doubts, to look very far into the future; it is time, however, to call the postwar Hollywood era at an end. Historians will so note. Gone are those hesitant, fearful days of the 1946-52 period, a period marked by the decline of the box-office, the terrible competition of television, economy waves, firing waves, investigations into possible "subversion," and that reiterated question: "What are we doing wrong?" Gone, too, are some of the prophets who spoke of a mature American screen. They will have to be silent for a bit while the talk is of the giant-sized screen (curved and giving the illusion of depth).

One would have thought the last six or seven years, marked by a restless search for new formulas and new avenues to the box office and new patrons would have brought to the fore some younger and bolder men. Certainly it was a time of experimentation; but when I recently asked some Hollywood inhabitants who these young men were, arbitrarily setting the shadow line between youth and maturity as the age of forty, extraordinarily few names were given in answer. Among the writers there were Carl Foreman and Charles Schnee, both hovering around the forty-year age limit. Among directors I heard mention of Mark Robson, Robert Wise, and Robert Parrish. The producer's list contained the names of Gottfried Reinhardt ("hero" of Lillian Ross's study, "Picture") and Robert Pirosh, who wrote the script for "Battleground" and produced a good war film, "Go for Broke." But at the head of every list, to a monotonous degree, was the name of Stanley Kramer, the one young man who had truly broken through and become a major force in the motion-picture industry. Kramer, at this writing, is thirty-nine. In about five years he has earned himself a position as one of Hollywood's three or four most eminent producers. Within his first two years of independent production he became known as Hollywood's "boy wonder," "the white hope of the industry," and a young man who possessed to a degree greater than anyone else the formula for the sought-for trinity, "low costs, high profits, and critical respect." What his position will be in an industry given over to the exploration and exploitation of techniques—as seems likely for the next few years—is hard to assess. With Hollywood's eyes turned elsewhere than on him, for the moment, he no longer figures as a white hope. He is a man of considerable stature, nev-

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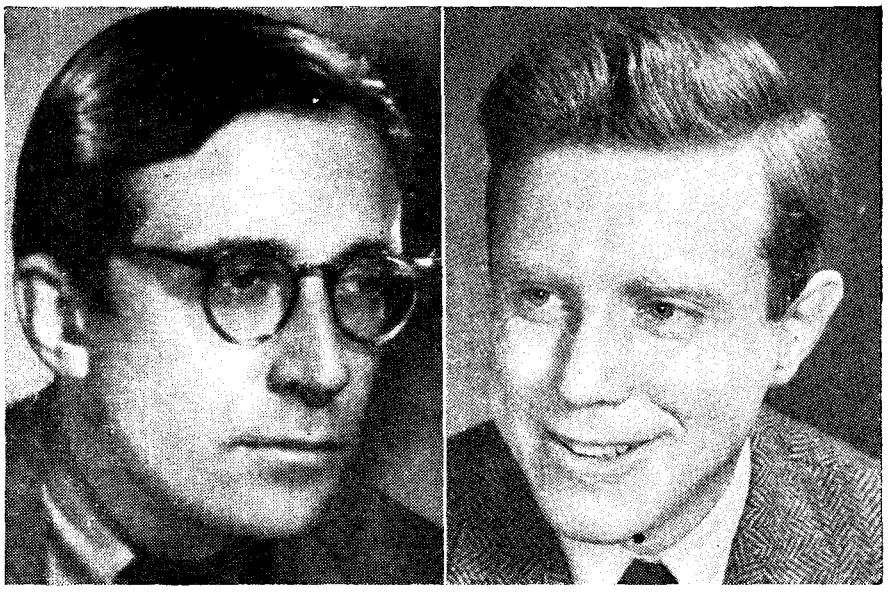
ertheless, and it is doubtful that his remarkable energies will be held down for long.

KRAMER achieved his position against what now appears to be a strong counter-tendency to the emergence of youthful talents. Recently I received a letter from a young and youthful producer who felt the need to wonder why "the industry has developed relatively little young talent?" He had best remain nameless. "One obvious answer," he stated, "is that there now exists a very large pool of 'safe' directors, producers, and so on, from among whom the frightened studios can draw adequate work without too much risk. In former days many cameramen became directors. But now the cameramen's union is nothing else but a completely closed kind of club. No one enters the club unless upon the death of an old member. The result is obvious: no young men graduate into directors, as there are no young cameramen."

The case may be overstated, in so far as it ascribes the situation to the union set-up, but at the same time it has been noticeable during the last five-year period that the new directors have generally moved up from the writing end, or have been brought in from the stage. If one grants that the cinematic medium has its own artistic language, this language should best be learned while actually handling the camera and/or serving a term in the cutting room. George Stevens, perhaps the most sensitive and knowledgeable of American directors, served this kind of apprenticeship. In fact, at the age of nineteen, he was already behind a camera. Stevens, himself, was heard to mention that "nowadays a young man can hardly get the chance to load the film into a camera, not to say getting behind it and learning how to photograph a scene." Work on screenplays is for the young man a hard chore to obtain. There are more than fifteen hundred names of writers listed with the Screen Writers' Guild. Only a few months ago the executive head of a major studio said: "I'll admit that when we explore a list of possible screenwriters for a movie we have in mind, the same fifty names come up again and again, and this is true of every large studio. For comedy I think we can cut that list down to ten names." Against this background of potential cinematic talent lying, to a large extent, dormant and unused, the case of Stanley Kramer can be seen to have its striking aspects. Kramer, at the end of his Army Signal Corps hitch, decided what he was going to

(*Continued on page 62*)



Haieff and Carter—"indifference to the need for developing new idioms."

7. *Music: Composers*

Arthur Berger

IF any attitude is shared by the disparate groups into which younger American composers now fall it is an indifference to the need for developing radical new idioms. The feverish quest after novelty, at its height in the Twenties, tapered off well before the last war. But even when valid new possibilities had been exhausted the feeling that every composer had to be a pioneer persisted to vex or inhibit many a promising one. In the generation that has just come up, a few are nostalgic for the old sensationalism. But their children's games dwindle on the horizon. Nor is the official concert world any longer scandalized, because scandal for scandal's sake has lost its effect.

The vital challenge now is consolidation of a wealth of musical discovery. This is not docile academicism nor the eclecticism of opportunists who snatch whatever lately enjoys favor. The eclectics are not to be ignored, for they include big names. But I shall not start with them. Every generation has their equivalents. It is, however, a long time since striking talents have been willing so unapologetically to study, sift, revaluate, and synthesize contributions of composers who have only recently illuminated the path for them. They choose models in the way that Bach wrote in the French or Italian manner, and they run his risk of being overlooked by their contemporaries. For their concern is with form. These materials are fresh enough to be free from the despotism of established routine, but they are not altogether unfamiliar, and a significant rearrangement is even harder for anyone to estimate than a new language.

The most compelling forces acting on young composers are now, perhaps, as they have been for some time, Stravinsky's "neo-classicism" and the chromaticism of the Viennese triumvirate (Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg). But postwar talents have come up with a variety of ways for coping with these issues. Also, the old cleavages have fallen away between these presumably incompatible groups, and unanticipated blends have resulted.

The first major public recognition for Stravinsky's American disciples came in the form of a Music Critics Award for Alexei Haieff only this year. Russian by birth, Haieff falls quite naturally into a line that runs from Tchaikovsky to Stravinsky. What he has added has been mainly his distinguished orchestral virtuosity. Consolidation of Stravinsky's great contribution is more the concern of Harold Shapero, who has carried the implications of classical reversion to a far more literal point than his master —to Beethoven, in fact.

Elliott Carter was one of the first to step over the imaginary barrier that separated Stravinsky's adherents from Schoenberg's, evolving a chromatic web of intriguing complexity. Irving Fine brought Gallic contours and a general amiability into a new relation with Stravinsky's angularity

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Arthur Berger, composer and critic, is a regular contributor to SR. *His "Ideas of Form" will be given its world premiere in April by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.*

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until recently, when he surprised us by reaching into Schoenberg's stock of twelve-tone implements to give his music new strength.

What is loosely known as the "atonal" or twelve-tone school may be conceived as a number of orbits revolving around Webern, who, as the purest and most advanced twelve-tone technician, forms a center from which degrees of orthodoxy may be estimated. Leon Kirchner, one of our big, spontaneous musical talents, lies, in these terms, somewhere outside the periphery, where he embraces tonality, but neither realizes its implication nor enjoys the benefit of the discipline that a franker acceptance of twelve-tone technique would afford. Since the music world at large is only now getting around to accepting Berg, who revolves on one of the outermost orbits, Kirchner's reluctance to enter the circle may be understood. Ben Weber, who uses twelve-tone devices with freedom and appealing warmth, hovers more or less in the vicinity of Berg's orbit. One must admire the renunciation of immediate gain that gives Milton Babbitt the courage to attack this constellation at its heart, and carry his researches from Webern into intellectually distinguished realms of further abstraction.

It would be presumptuous to postulate that only the directions indicated by these two schools are open today for the most valid results. But so far Hindemith's strongly codified method, which works admirably for him, makes of his offshoots pale reflections of himself except when they use it as a sound technical basis for a style and idiom of their own. Lukas Foss, much the most gifted and imposing of his offshoots, has been struggling for some years now to find himself, and he has subordinated his fine training to the level of just such a basis. Only recently he resolved a conflict between allegiance to native German tradition and naive breast-beating which was to prove his Americanism.

There are those who regard alignment with a movement or tendency to be a dangerous compromise. They often end by believing in nothing. They generate towards a workable but neutral style, contemporary in feeling, exploiting conservatory formulae of counterpoint and motive development, and keeping a motor impulse going even when there is nothing to say. Peter Mennin, a young man with enormous drive and craftsmanship, has grown up in its atmosphere, and Vincent Persichetti, an unusually honest and solid musician, lurks somewhere on its border.

Leonard Bernstein and Norman Dello Joio, who have built up the biggest American reputations since the war, are the eclectics I have put off until now, since I frankly cannot say what special essence their music has. Copland's influence is considerable over postwar composers of all different persuasions, and his is among the many influences that have exerted themselves on these two. But the subtle balance he sought between an expressivity with immediate audience appeal and an inventiveness that provides dimension has eluded them. Dello Joio has, to be sure, established himself as one of the most widely performed composers by virtue of a prolific output, fluent, expert, and not without lyricism and a certain stylishness. Bernstein's reputation as a sensational all-around musician (including conductor, pianist, song-writer, etc.) is not undeserving. But as a symphonic composer he is not nearly so special as when he writes jazz for Broadway, where, he assures us, the future of "serious" music lies. We shall see.

Writing about young composers just ten years ago, Copland remarked, "the experience of the past two decades has been different from earlier periods of our native music in the number and quality of our young men. Whitman's prophecy is coming true—there are scads of them about . . . in technical dexterity they rival their elders." The passage of another decade has witnessed an increase of both their number and dexterity, and the standards for quality, in aim perhaps more than achievement, grow ever higher.

September Midday

By Jessamyn West

WEBBED and banded by sunlight,
Swinging intact in a basket
Of sunlight: bleached and golden
As autumnal grasses or as pears
Hanging gilded with sun-dust in
thickets of leaves,
The afternoon drowses in meshes
Of interlaced light.

Twirled by a dry wind, day lapses,
It dwindles toward evening and
darkness;
But still the ropes hold: the frayed
ropes
Of sunlight still mottled with day-
shine
Grapple it closely: the tawny, sun-
rusted
Rope-cradled, slow-lapsing, fall-
flavored
Late afternoon.

8. Music: Performers

Irving Kolodin

THE measurement of "new talent" in the world of musical performance must go by a somewhat different rule of thumb than can be applied to creative talents. A Menuhin, for example, can come to eminence even before reaching his 'teens and look back on a career of a quarter-century *before* reaching the dividing line of forty; a Helen Traubel may struggle till almost forty before achieving either fame or its rewards.

Between the extremes—and they can scarcely be wider—there *has* been an upsurge of such talent to change the landscape from what it was but a dozen years ago. One can find its strongest evidence in the most prominent places, which is always a good test of the pervasiveness of any change; that is to say, in the Metropolitan Opera Company and among the major symphony orchestras.

For the first time in its nearly seventy years of operation, the Metropolitan became under Edward Johnson a company of Americans *and* Europeans. Formerly the relationship was not merely reversed; the proportions were so decidedly inverted that it scarcely seemed so profound a change was possible. Among major symphony orchestras, four are now led by native Americans—or just four more than was true at any previous period. Among them Howard Mitchell, Alfred Wallenstein, Thor Johnson, and Walter Hendl bear leadership responsibilities in Washington, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, and Dallas, suggesting that neither locality nor tradition (or the lack of it) are responsible for the innovations. (Had Leonard Bernstein only one string to his bow, there doubtless would be five. But that is Arthur Berger's story.)

To be wholly realistic about this, the decade of preparation for war and the decade of war and its aftermath have to be seen in proper perspective. There has always been a place in the Met for the Nordicas and the Traubels, the Ponselles and the Stebers, the Whitehills and the Warrens—that is to say, the exceptional voice and artistry. But the stringencies of nationalistic pressures which began to operate in Germany and Italy after 1936 or 1937 made the Metropolitan put its reliance much more on native talent than ever before. Thus the way was opened for Americans to form the hard core as well as the decorative façade of the Metropolitan company. Opportunities were offered in all gradations

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of ability, and after a good deal of costly trial and error (measuring the cost only in terms of blighted careers for those who did not measure up) the desired result was attained. Nor is it likely to be different in the future; the American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA) has made the existing proportion of American to European artists the binding one.

NO such "protected" status explains the gradual acceptance of American conductors. Obviously, some jobs might have gone to Wilhelm Furtwängler or Victor de Sabata had a normal procedure of supply and demand prevailed; on the other hand, such men as William Steinberg in Pittsburgh, Hans Schwieger in Kansas City, Erich Leinsdorf in Rochester, or Rafael Kubelik in Chicago might not have been prompted to seek careers elsewhere than in an untroubled Central Europe. It is a worthwhile trend, I think, that European background is no longer a *sine qua non* for respectability in this capricious profession. The cities that have American conductors seem reasonably content with them (any conductor, anywhere, is confronted by a minority and a majority party; his situation becomes dangerous only when it is the minority which is favorable to him). However, since the almost simultaneous production of Bernstein, Johnson, and Hendl, nature seems to be resting from her labors. Perhaps she needs a co-worker as aggressive as the late Serge Koussevitzky. On the other

(*Continued on page* 59)

9. *Painting & Sculpture*

James Thrall Soby

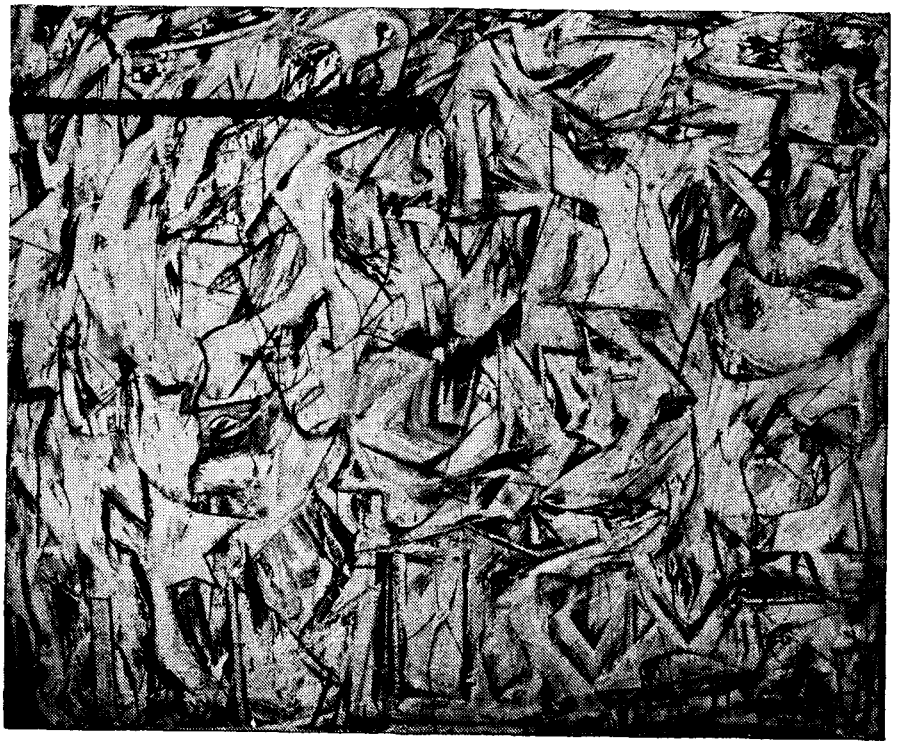
THE word "postwar" as applied to certain shifts and developments in recent American painting and sculpture is something of a misnomer. For during the war itself, especially toward its end, our newer artists gained impetus from two wartime factors: the presence in this country of a number of distinguished refugee painters and sculptors; and the freezing-up of the New York dealers' Parisian source of supply. Even so, as I have said, the misnomer is slight, the factors mentioned less crucial than supposed. The refugee artists exerted a fairly minor direct influence here, though among them were men of considerable stature. It would be more accurate to say that the war, as one of its few happy by-products, gave our painters and sculptors a clearer perspective on the entire complex of twentieth-century European art, with all its revolutions and counterrevolutions. And if during the war some of the "School of Paris" dealers in New York exhibited more American works than before, their help was probably less decisive than that of the galleries, still increasing in number, devoted exclusively to American art.

At any rate, the end of the war soon provided an answer to a serious question: would our younger artists be able to hold their own when back in competition with their counterparts abroad? The answer, I think, is clear now, nearly eight years after V-J Day. The best American painters and sculptors can stand up to, and in some cases stare down, the Europeans of their generation. Their works may at times have what one of the best of them has described as a "rattle." But this is a sound of courageous, creative activity, not of fear or decline.

One of the most heartening aspects of the postwar art scene in New York is that recent sculpture shows such vitality. A nation can get along in the fine arts for a long period without first-rate sculptors, as was the case in England before the advent of Henry Moore. Yet in the end the lack is felt, as though painters themselves knew the need for companionable stimulus from those involved with a real third dimension. In this country a handful of talented men fought hard during the earlier part of our century to give sculpture a more than commemorative dignity. Their task was particularly difficult in that the outlets for their art were largely of an "official" character—public commissions and the like. Today, however, contemporary American sculpture is shown by many leading galleries and museums, despite high handling costs. Moreover, collectors have appeared who are no longer afraid of the old prejudice, that "sculpture takes up too much room for modern living." *All* art takes up too much room—except in the eyes of those for whom it can never take up space enough.

An impressive quality of postwar American sculpture is its freedom from the dogma of "truth to materials" which was a solace to a few outstanding sculptors of the 1930's, here and abroad, but a plague to others. Our newer sculptors are not contemptuous of techniques and media. They are not afraid of them either, and they feel no transcendental sense of responsibility toward the substances they model or carve. Instead, the best of the current artists use any materials and methods which suit their creative purpose. Mostly, however, they avoid the self-conscious modernity that prompted the Italian futurist Umberto Boccioni (himself a great sculptor whose art far outwitted his polemics) to list as the physical bases of his noble profession "glass, wood, cardboard, cement, concrete, horsehair, leather, fabric, mirrors, electric lamps, etc." Some, though not all, of the best pieces being produced in America today are executed in traditional materials such as wood, stone,

(*Continued on page* 60)



"Excavation," by Willem de Kooning—"slow and conscientious."

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Sidelights on Invisibility

ROCHELLE GIRSON

RALPH ELLISON was surprised when his first novel, "Invisible Man," won the National Book Award last January. "I had no hope," he was saying the other day, "that it was going to set anything on fire—and it hasn't. It has," and he laughed, "made a lot of noise—but that isn't a reason for writing. After we are able to distinguish between art and sociology, and when we realize that my happening to have been a Negro has nothing necessarily to do with the quality of the book, I think it will be quietly forgotten."

Mr. Ellison spent five years working on "Invisible Man," and, although he isn't saying yet what his next novel will be about, "I don't feel," he conceded, "that I have exhausted the theme of invisibility. The gratifying thing, of course, was that so many of the reviewers were aware that I was writing about more than just Negro life.

"The advantage which so many of the great writers had is that they stood very close to a verbal tradition: they knew all the ways in which stories were told verbally, and they incorporated that into their writings. They knew all the tricks of the fairy tales, which have a magic about them. A lot of people are trying to get back to this big sense of the narrative—big in the sense that it can draw upon all the age-old sources of the storyteller. It can portray life broadly and deeply without feeling that one has to restrict himself to narrow sections of society or to what is fashionable in terms of technique and approach. It knows that sociology is not fiction and that fiction doesn't have to be a case history, that the ways of the novelist are his own and not the ways of the psychoanalyst or the social scientist. A writer isn't concerned with politics but with human beings and the way they live, the way they move, and the way they dream.

"The tendency in this country has been to reduce Negro life to sociology, and it is significant," Ellison observed somewhat wryly, "that the American school of sociology has spent more time analyzing the Negro than any other problem. Unfortunately, it has just been a way of not dealing with the human problem. What still riles me about sociologists is that they not only reduce everything to numbers, but they reduce the personality—especially the Negro personality—to a little question of civil rights.

"Actually, freedom in America has always centered around the mastery of techniques, and what Negroes want—the real mark of progress—lies in this ability to master the techniques and to have the full benefits that come from them—and all this business about whether you want your daughter to marry a Negro is just a lot of flim-flam. I am not interested in that. My problem is the problem of the artist. I still have to fight with this old typewriter, and I have to fight with form."

Mr. Ellison came to New York in 1936 to continue his studies in music and sculpture, the latter under Richmond Barthé. At the same time, in order to earn enough money to return to Tuskegee Institute, where he was a scholarship student, he worked as counterman at a YMCA and as clerk and receptionist for psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan. He didn't earn enough, he didn't return, and subsequently he supported himself as a professional photographer.

Ralph Ellison—"the risk of humanity."

"I started sculpturing in 1935," Ellison recalled, "and stopped in 1937 because I found I was more interested in ideas. Since then I have been digging into everything about the novel, trying to understand and learn the craft. A musician, for instance, will learn the possibilities of his instrument: he will study the various traditions of interpretation, and if he is a composer he will learn the various forms, the various styles of different periods. The writer works very much the same way. Technique in terms of the novel is a way of thinking, feeling, seeing, and hearing. It gives you an instrument with which to approach experience.

"When a man like Hemingway says, 'I got into the ring with Flaubert, and I fought so many rounds,' he is using a sports idiom, but what he is saying is very, very meaningful. Art is one. There is a continuity, which may change from generation to generation, but the thing that all of us have to learn, if we are really serious about the craft, is that it has been a long time abuilding, and many masters have made it. It would be well to learn something of how they did it. . . . It takes a certain arrogance—there is an implied arrogance, I think—in even starting a novel. The fortunate thing is you don't discover it until later."

Ellison has been a published writer since 1939, with articles, short stories, and criticism appearing in *Horizon, Cross Section, The Reporter, The New York Times Book Review,* and this

(*Continued on page* 49)

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 508

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 508 will be found in the next issue.

LECNANBK ND FNGH FBMH,

NEOLANHKA CBAP BQ

RHFLSD LKR TNMLFD.

RHKPLE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 507

To profit from good advice requires more wisdom than to give it. —CHURTON COLLINS.

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TRANSATLANTIC DISSECTION OF A PENPAL

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS: The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark De Wolfe Howe. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1650 pp. $12.50.

The Englishman

Arthur L. Goodheart

ON MARCH 24, 1930, Sir Frederick Pollock, with more candor than tact, wrote to Mr. Justice Holmes:

> The March number of *Harper's* has come to me by Laski's request. What he says about your judgments is well written and quite true, but I wonder if it does not make you feel a little like one of the actors in that poem of many meanings "The Walrus and the Carpenter":
>
> 'The Carpenter said nothing but
> The butter's spread too thick.'

In "a swift but brief response" Holmes said: "I was so touched and moved by the note of affection and made so shy by the praise that I hardly like to speak about it and could not criticize." If Pollock were alive today it would be interesting to have his views on the "Holmes-Laski Letters," for in them the butter is spread on with a trowel.

Although these volumes are entitled "The Holmes-Laski Letters," by far the greatest number were written by the latter. In the first volume (813 pages) Laski fills more than 520 pages, and in the second (660 pages) Holmes wrote less than 160 pages. In trying to estimate the value of this gargantuan correspondence we must therefore consider the importance of Laski as (a) a scholar in the fields of political science and jurisprudence, and (b) as a chronicler of current events.

There can be no doubt that Laski was one of the most influential teachers of his time. He was a superb popular lecturer. His remarkable memory enabled him to dispense with notes so that nothing interrupted the smooth flow of his oratory. As Kingsley Martin has written in a biography not yet published in the United States, "Laski was a rhetorical, not a scientific writer. His writing, like his speeches, was effective because it was outspoken, rich in vocabulary and vitality." A great teacher need not, however, be a distinguished scholar, and it is doubtful whether today there are many who would regard Laski's writings as either profound or scientific. In these letters it is necessarily the scholar and not the teacher who is important, and it is difficult to feel that there are many ideas expressed in them which are of serious value. This may be due in part to the fact that Laski was careful never to say anything that might offend Holmes. Although Laski was a passionate Socialist, it is doubtful whether Holmes, a pronounced individualist, ever realized the gulf between them, for in one of his letters he wrote: "I never read a Socialist yet from Karl Marx down, and I have read a number, that I didn't think talked drool. Nor do I expect to hear anything better from anyone who hopes to regenerate society via property." Laski made no answer to this.

The gifts which made Laski a great teacher also made him a delightful conversationalist. His enthusiasm, his sparkling wit, his lighthearted disregard of ordinary conventions made it a pleasure to be with him. There was nothing synthetic about his desire to give pleasure to his fellowmen, whatever their position might be. He enjoyed being with the great, but he also enjoyed the friendship of the poorest and most insignificant of his students. At times this sparkle illu-

(*Continued on page 47*)

Arthur L. Goodheart, K.B.E., master of University College at Oxford, and professor of jurisprudence there, was educated in the United States and England. He is the author of "Essays in Jurisprudence and the Common Law," "English Contributions to the Philosophy of Law," and others.

The American

Fred Rodell

WHEN the Holmes-Pollock letters were published, a dozen years ago, Walton Hamilton remarked: "It has taken a decade to elevate Mr. Justice Holmes from deity to mortality." Now comes Holmes's correspondence with another Englishman, a correspondence flowing to five times the length of the earlier collection and revealing far more clearly that Holmes was of human clay.* The Englishman is that busy-bee in the field of political ideas and people—reader, writer, teacher, talker, occasional practitioner—the late Harold J. Laski; and the Holmes-Laski letters are indeed, if perhaps not precisely as the publisher's blurb intended, "the extraordinary record of an extraordinary friendship."

It began in 1916 when Felix Frankfurter took Laski to visit the Justice at his summer home in Beverly Farms, north of Boston. (As it was Frankfurter who presided, so to speak, over the epistolary marriage that ensued, so it is fitting that his name appear roughly 1,000 times in the letters and that he perform the last rites in a foreword to the two fat volumes.) Holmes, then seventy-five, was already the grand old titan of American law, though sixteen more years on the Supreme Court and the bulk of his most famous opinions lay ahead of him. Laski, less than one-third Holmes's age and a lowly instructor in government at Harvard, had not yet ripened his Oxonian agility in debate to the hummingly articulate blend of thought-and-sound that was to make him one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, but the sting of his mind was already infecting his students with a taste for scholarship as well as intriguing even the eminent in conversational displays of unabashed learning and repartee.

Holmes took to the bright young man with the bookish talk. And Laski wrote a thank-you note in which he eulogized Holmes, asked if he might come visit again, asked if Holmes would correspond with him, said he was sending two of his articles for Holmes to read, said he was sending

Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale University, has written "Woe Unto You, Lawyers," and "Fifty-five Men: The Story of the Constitution."

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Holmes a book they had discussed, and promised to send other books. Laski also—with a symbolism to delight a Freudian—left his "most precious hairbrush" behind. When Holmes acknowledged, with comments, all that Laski had sent, the correspondence was under way. It lasted until the Justice died in 1935, ebbing only toward the end although Laski graciously kept writing on, and on, after Holmes had grown too feeble to reply.

FROM the start it was Laski who set the course of the correspondence. His letters are so full of himself—what he is writing, what he is thinking, whom he has seen, what he has heard, and *ad infinitum* what he has read—that Holmes inquires time after time if his own letters have gone astray; often unacknowledged, usually unanswered (in the true sense), the Justice's letters seem sometimes unread—as when Laski asks if Holmes knows of the Dutch poet Vondel, gets an unforgettably intimate reply, and later asks again. Only when Holmes talks of a book or article Laski has written, and especially when he criticizes, can he be sure of a responsive return. Thus there is rarely a solid interchange of ideas save when Holmes baits Laski on his beliefs—on his pet theory of plural sovereignty or his faith in social reforms. It is Holmes, reacting to Laski with the courtesy of being interested, who makes this a correspondence. Laski's letters, with the blushless buttering-up of Holmes and all his works omitted, would read more like a personal diary than a correspondence.

While the diary is datelined Cambridge, Mass.—with Laski seeing Holmes off and on in Washington (always by self-invitation) or at Beverly Farms (Laski summered a few miles away)—it is formless and not too formidable. Already it is larded with books, to the point that Holmes exclaims: "It makes me feel quite cultivated even to read the titles of the books that you report reading." Already the emotional attachment to omni-mentioned "Felix" (with whose wartime absence "Cambridge has departed this life") has sparked a trinitarian view of America that illumines Laski's diary to the end—with Holmes the father, Frankfurter the son, and the Harvard Law School the holy ghost. But it is after 1920, when Laski returned to England to teach at London for the rest of his life, that the entries begin to take a form almost as rigid as a classic French tragedy. First comes the report of important things done (a prime minister advised, a strike averted) and important people

(*Continued on page* 48)

The Cult of Acton

HERMAN AUSUBEL

IF Lord Acton were teaching history today in an American university, he would certainly be subjected to some serious criticisms. Many of his students would complain that they were wasting their time in his classes, that they had hardly any idea of what he was talking about. His colleagues would surely recognize that his vast knowledge bordered on omniscience; after all, he read, annotated, and virtually memorized an average of two books a day. Even so, in their gossip sessions at the faculty club, a number of them would brush him aside as a "journalist"—than which few labels are designed to be more damning in academic circles. Other colleagues, especially the younger ones, would dismiss him with the favorite question, "What scholarly work has the man published"? For, indeed, Acton brought out nothing more than essays, lectures, and book reviews. He never produced a single book—a failure all the more striking and depressing in view of his good health, long life, freedom from financial pressures, and abundant study-leisure.

No doubt about it, Acton was fabulously erudite, but almost all of his learning was buried with him when he died in 1902. The monumental works that he was supposed to publish on the history of freedom, the French Revolution, and other subjects were left undone. The main reason was that Acton suffered from a mental block: his image of himself and his conception of the historian's obligations and responsibilities were so exalted that he paralyzed himself as a productive scholar. Considering it unscientific to write until he had completely mastered the subjects he was studying, he turned out to be the author of some of the greatest books never written.

To be sure, if most historians were courageous and humble enough, they would confess that they lacked the formidable training and equipment which, according to Lord Acton, went into the making of a first-rate scholar. They would acknowledge that their writings failed to satisfy the requirements set forth in 1895 in Acton's inaugural lecture as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. They would admit that they had not displayed the endless diligence that Acton applauded and that they had not delved feverishly into every previously inaccessible source. They would suggest at the same time that if they had made a genuine effort to meet Acton's qualifications, they would have died before ever lifting a pen to write their books—essentially what happened to Acton himself.

YET despite his limited output Acton keeps growing in stature, while all the other late Victorian historians lie neglected in libraries or are read almost exclusively either by scholars or by students who have required assignments to fulfil. Certainly Samuel R. Gardiner, the historian of the Puritan Revolution, outdid Acton in accuracy and fair-mindedness; John Richard Green, the social historian, exceeded him in breadth and imagination; and F. W. Maitland, the historian of medieval legal and constitutional development, surpassed him in style and profundity. But there is no likelihood whatsoever of a significant revival of interest in Gardiner, Green, or Maitland. Yet the cult of Acton is unmistakable. How to explain this?

First of all, Acton was a Roman Catholic, and since there were relatively few outstanding Catholics among the intellectual leaders of late Victorian England, his memory has been especially cherished by his co-religionists. Acton, moreover, was not only a Roman Catholic but an unflinchingly liberal Roman Catholic, who spoke up vigorously in opposition to the arbitrary exercise of papal authority both in the past and in his own time; and so his liberalism has been a major source of inspiration to some of his co-religionists as well as to religious-minded liberals in general.

Still more important, Acton's fame has hinged on the fact that he was a moralist-historian, a scholar who viewed the problems of the past, present, and future according to standards of goodness and badness, right and wrong. And since outstanding moralists are hard to find in the twentieth-century world, Acton has had a relatively easy time of it.

Finally, Acton has survived because

Herman Ausubel, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "Some Modern Historians of Britain," "Historians and Their Craft," and other volumes.

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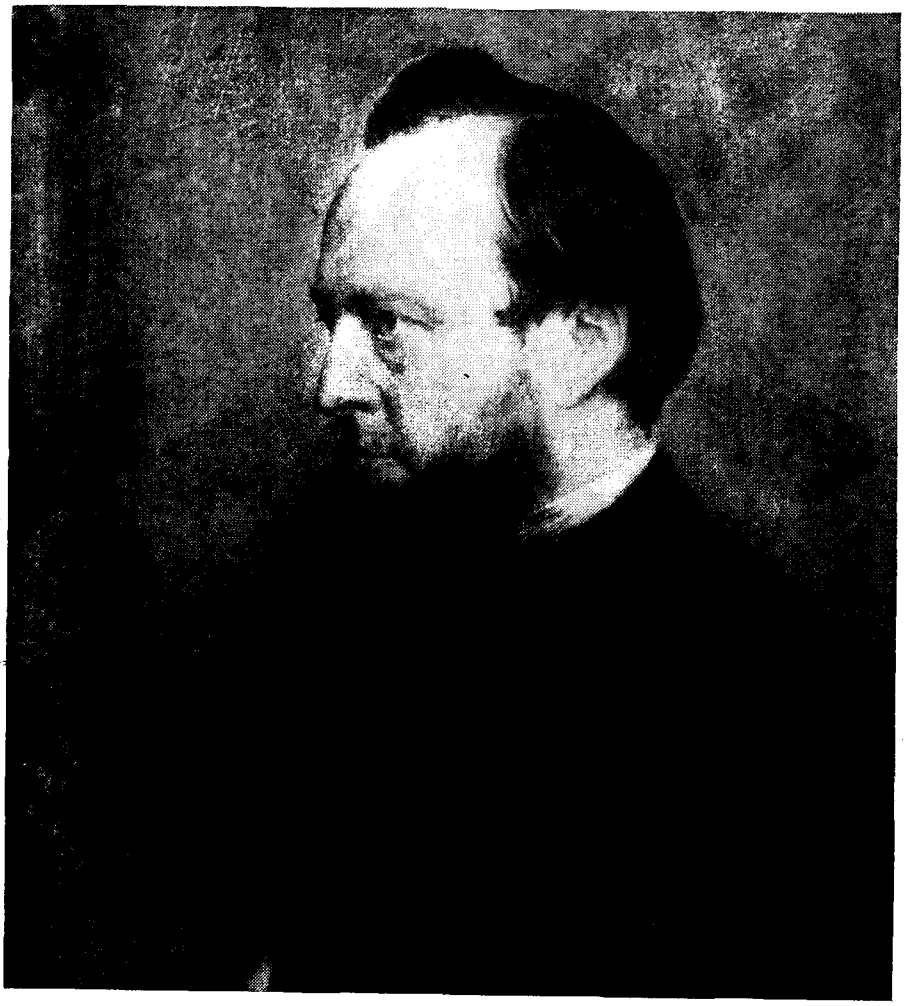
he was obsessed with the importance of the theme of freedom in history. An ardent defender of the rights of the individual conscience and an outspoken critic of bigotry, persecution, and absolutism, he insisted that the characteristic and distinguishing feature of modern history was the constancy of progress toward greater freedom. Need more be said to explain current interest in him? His mounting stature is less a reflection on him than on us.

It would be misleading, however, to give the impression that Acton's view of the role of the historian has been widely accepted among scholars. Like Tacitus, Acton believed that historical study should serve to prevent meritorious actions from being forgotten and deter men from evil by fear of the reprobation of posterity; and he explicitly exhorted the historian "never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitudes . . . and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." Already in his own time this exhortation was attacked because of its disregard of the variable character of morals. Critics in England, the United States, France, and Germany pointed out how dangerous it was to judge historical persons and events on the basis of absolute rules of conduct. On the contrary, these critics insisted that the historian should keep in mind constantly the changing character of ethical standards and strive to view people and events in the light of their own age. As one of the most eminent of Acton's critics put it, the historian who aspires to be a judge "should not try a case by a code unknown to the defendant."

IT WOULD also be misleading to give the impression that Acton's ideas about the nature of historical study have been widely accepted among scholars. If, in fact, the authors and editor of three volumes on Acton published within the past few months had been thoroughgoing followers of the late Regius Professor at Cambridge, they would not have brought their books out at this time. All of them would have spent at least a few more decades making sure that they had examined all possible manuscript and published sources and that they had verified every reference; and then, as meticulous disciples of Acton, they would have insisted that the time was still not ripe for publication. Happily, Douglas Woodruff, G. E. Fasnacht, and Gertrude Himmelfarb are not Actonites in this sense, and the result is these three latest additions to the growing mass of Actonite literature.

Mr. Woodruff's volume is a valuable anthology of Lord Acton's early pieces.* It consists for the most part of articles and book reviews that Acton wrote in the late 1850's and 1860's for a number of Roman Catholic periodicals. What lay behind these journals was the desire on the part of Acton and his co-religionists to demonstrate to the Protestant world that Roman Catholic scholarship was "quite as thorough and candid and fair as any of their own, and that often, indeed, it was better because freer from insular limitations." Mr. Woodruff has contributed a competent essay on the early writings of Lord Acton that serves as the introduction to his substantial anthology. Unfortunately, however, he has not written introductions to the individual pieces that he has reprinted; nor has he provided them with explanatory footnotes. The upshot is that the reader who lacks a solid background in history will often find it difficult to follow Acton's discussion of such topics as ultramontanism, the political system of the popes, the condition of Austria, or even the political causes of the American Revolution. The effort, however, is still worth making, for Acton had profound and provocative comments to offer on all these topics.



—*From "Essays on Church and State."*

Lord Acton: "Never debase the moral currency or lower the standard."

He also had much of interest and value to suggest on dozens of other themes. This is made strikingly clear in the book on Acton's philosophy of politics by G. E. Fasnacht, Sometime Lecturer at University College, Oxford.* If a reader is seeking some stimulating clues to an understanding of the theory of conscience, the idea of development, the English and American political traditions, the state, democracy, Socialism, nationality and power, the importance of ideas, or the history of freedom, Mr. Fasnacht's book is a convenient starting-point. Based on Acton's published writings, manuscript notes, and letters, it attempts to demonstrate that Acton's views were "always developing." As a student of the history of ideas, Acton himself was constantly aware of the importance of the changes that ideas underwent, and he was fond of Faraday's words: "In knowledge, that

(*Continued on page* 42)

*ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND STATE. By Lord Acton. Introduction by Douglas Woodruff. New York: The Viking Press. 518 pp. $6.

*ACTON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: An Analysis. By G. E. Fasnacht. New York: The Viking Press. 265 pp. $4.

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The Saturday Review

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *While this issue was in the advanced stages of production, too late for substituting a new editorial, word was received that the State Department had rescinded its letter to publishers on "certifications" referred to in the following editorial. No rescinder, however, had been made for that portion of the State Department's order about removal of books from overseas libraries.*

The Blunderer's Paradise

THE nation's book publishers have received a letter from the State Department of the United States. In it, publishers were asked to sign what amounts to a loyalty oath for the books they send abroad under the State Department's information program. Specifically, publishers are requested to certify that books submitted for export are not written by "Communists, fellow-travelers, or persons who might be considered controversial."

What is equally bad is that the State Department has announced an order removing books by authors in this incredible "controversial" category from the bookshelves of our information service libraries in foreign countries.

No explanation is offered concerning the meaning of "fellow-travelers or persons who might be considered controversial." Nor is there clarification on the question: considered controversial by whom? To make matters worse, a news report about the recall of books abroad has added three words to the phrase about controversial material. The three words are, "and so forth."

Thus what began some years ago as an apparently honest drive against subversion, rigidly defined, has now become a blunderer's woozie paradise, the gates to which are marked, "and so forth." We now have the spectacle of frightened pygmies writing letters on the stationery of the United States Government, asking responsible citizens to concur in their supine conduct before investigating committees.

What makes matters more alarming is the spectacle of the State Department exhibiting a sad case of stumble, fumble, and fall in its reaction to the hearings. People are fired one day, re-hired the next. Orders are issued, re-issued, withdrawn, amended. Explanations are offered about misunderstandings, misinterpretations, errors in transmission, etc.

This magazine has been critical of Senator McCarthy, but it must say in all fairness that nothing in the McCarthy book begins to compare with the carelessness or irresponsibility of the letter sent to the book industry by the United States State Department, or the order against controversial books in our libraries abroad. In fact, Senator McCarthy was himself astonished during the hearings when a prominent State Department official in the information program, after saying that his job was to fight Communist propaganda throughout the world, reassured the Committee that he had never read the writings of Marx, Lenin, or Stalin. It seemed from the televised hearings that the witness thought he was making a big hit with the Committee, only to have Senator McCarthy give the State Department an impromptu lecture on the importance of reading as an aid to expertness.

The worst aspects of McCarthyism in America today are represented not so much by Senator McCarthy himself as by people in public and private life who are falling all over themselves in an effort to please him. We can recall Thucydides's comment on the behavior of the Athenians when the campaign against subversion had lost all sense of form or direction. The citizens were engaged in a mammoth informer's competition, the theory being that the only security lay in accusing others.

THE great danger of the State Department's new orders is that they can have the effect of creating a master "Red Channels" blacklist of writers. The name of every author withdrawn from our information libraries abroad, or withheld by a publisher, automatically becomes qualified for inclusion in a monstrous blacklist. In this case, the publisher himself or the USA Government would be cited as authority. If the State Department believes that publishers would lend themselves to this undertaking, it is as uninformed about the makers of books as it is about the writers of books.

We cannot, as a free people, escape controversy any more than we can, in Lincoln's phrase, escape history. A publisher, by the fact of his profession, constantly deals in controversial products. As for the writer, it is his job to present new concepts, to argue, to contend, to espouse. Freedom is but another word for controversy. The most important milestones in our history and indeed in our forward progress have been marked and scarred by controversy. The editorial page of the American newspaper is meaningless without controversy. To expect publishers to take the view that controversial books must be eliminated is like expecting them to issue books without paper or a printing press. Any publisher who cooperates with the State Department in this weird order can hardly expect to keep the respect of his authors—controversial or otherwise.

What disturbs us most of all is the ominous standard now being set by the Federal Government. Local communities have had a difficult time trying to protect their schools against all sorts of wild charges of subversion. And now the enemies of the schools have a shiny new blunderbuss in the form of "controversial and so forth"—a weapon obtainable through the courtesy of the State Department.

Of all Government agencies, the State Department is the one which can least afford to give an impression of ineptness and confusion. Its franchise is nothing less than war and peace. The American people—indeed, people everywhere—must have confidence in its capacity for understanding major problems and for making major decisions. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nothing!

▶ JUST A LINE to express my enthusiastic agreement with Stephen E. Fitzgerald's article "Literature by the Slide Rule" [*SR* Feb. 14]. If the readability guys had been around in the past nothing worth reading would ever have been written!

WILLY LEY.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Standard Measurement

▶ BY THE SLIDE RULE of age and experience of over seventy years of practical use, Stephen E. Fitzgerald's curt dismissal phrase, referring to an international tongue, which read ". . . more acceptable and more realistic than such novelties as Esperanto," seems to indicate his own lack of knowledge and provides an example of how he, too, places technique above inspiration, despite his criticism of others for so doing.

MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

Defense

▶ ALTHOUGH STEPHEN E. FITZGERALD directs his attack against "the readability boys," he obviously means mainly me, since most of his references are to my two books "The Art of Plain Talk" and "The Art of Readable Writing."

Like all other critics of readability measurement, he accuses me of advocating baby-talk, even stooping to a mock translation of the Gettysburg Address. This is like coming out against the theory of vitamins on the grounds that "they want us all to live on nothing but carrots." Actually, readability measurement has nothing to do with that sort of nonsense. It's a tool: it can be used to find and correct certain defects of prose, and it has been successfully used that way by many thousands of people.

To be sure, Veblen and Dewey gave us wonderful ideas couched in execrable language. But is that an argument for using their books as models of English prose? No. The truth of the matter is that simple prose is as basic a human need as fresh air or good food. Fifty years ago, Tolstoy wrote: "To say that a work of art is good, but incomprehensible to the majority of men, is the same as saying of some kind of food that it is very good but that most people can't eat it." The defense rests.

RUDOLF FLESCH.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Cuckoo Egg

▶ KNOWING SOMETHING of the work and ideas of Bertram Wolfe, I thought my eyes must be deceiving me when I read his review of William Reswick's "I Dreamt Revolution" [*SR* Feb. 7]. The parenthetical insertion which suggests that terror serves to increase fervor and efficiency of officials and intellectuals is so alien to Mr. Wolfe's own philosophy, and the spirit of Mr. Reswick's book as well, that I suspect something went wrong when the review was prepared for the press.

WALTER WRAY.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Wray is quite right. SR and its staff regret that an error in make-up led to the attribution to Mr. Wolfe of a point of view diametrically opposite from that in which he believes. Mr. Wolfe had already written us about this cuckoo egg, and we hope he will be spared all future embarrassment.*

"Do you think I should enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with this plea to the governor?"

Dickens's Letters

▶ MAY I CALL ATTENTION to a misleading error in Professor Ferguson's review of Edgar Johnson's biography of Dickens [*SR* Jan. 10]? Dickens was one of the most prolific letter-writers in the nineteenth century, but even he would have found it difficult to turn out twenty-three volumes of letters in addition to writing novels, short stories, and articles, editing his magazines, carrying on a vigorous program of amateur theatricals and public readings, to say nothing of several other extra-curricular activities. Of the twenty-three Nonesuch volumes, only three are devoted to his letters, though admittedly the Nonesuch is incomplete. The definitive edition of letters, now in progress under the general editorship of Mr. Humphrey House of Oxford University, will considerably extend the number of volumes beyond three, but hardly, I think, by twenty volumes.

ADA NISBET.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Caricature Applauded

▶ I READ WITH AMUSEMENT the letters from readers who protested the recent cover which caricatured Carl Sandburg, and it was with a twinge of regret that I read the editorial apology appended to the protests [LETTERS, *SR* Feb. 7].

Mr. Sandburg's eminent work speaks for itself and for the man. Were you to present a glorified portrait of him on your covers, it would add nothing to his stature as an artist or as a citizen.

The well-done caricature of Sandburg should be applauded and your original instinct in accepting it from the artist is to be applauded. I, for one, would be sorely surprised to realize that Sandburg the man took exception to the cover. He is a man of good humor and good humor is hard come by these days.

Fie to the screamers who protest your earnest endeavor to keep up with the ominous drums of 3-D from Hollywood! And fie to you, sirs, for apologizing for your original good thinking!

Give us more humor on your covers, just as Goodman Ace has given us more humor within your covers.

HAL KANTER.

Encino, Calif.

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God's Country & the Publisher

SETH M. AGNEW

—*Tom Lea, from "The Wonderful Country."*

IN THE realm of what is sometimes condescendingly referred to as "escape fiction"—mysteries, love stories, Westerns, science-fiction, doctor stories—the mystery has long been the most respectable. With only the faintest deprecation need one confess to reading mysteries "for relaxation." The Western, however, despite more than fifty years of popularity, is not yet firmly established on the right side of the intellectual tracks.

The "first" Western, or at least the first successful Western, was Owen Wister's "The Virginian." Although its setting was the cattle country of Wyoming in the 1890's, it was not, however, the background which made Wister's book an instant success. Such writers as Mark Twain and Bret Harte had made the reading public acquainted with the rough-and-ready frontier, with cowmen and Indians, with sagebrush and cattle. What Wister added to this setting was a romantic story-line. Wister's main character was silent, self-reliant, tall in the saddle, a man of courage and integrity and stern moral code. Perhaps his closest literary relative was Natty Bumppo. With equal taciturnity and aplomb he worsted the villains (adding to Americana the famous phrase, "When you call me that, *smile*!"), won his way to be foreman of the ranch, and laid successful siege to the heart of the fair Molly, a gently bred girl from Vermont.

First published in the spring of 1902, "The Virginian" went through six printings in as many weeks. A stage version of the story ran for ten years. Hollywood has made four screenings. Exclusive of special editions and without benefit of 25¢ reprint, over 1,600,000 copies of the book have been sold.

After this promising start, the Western flourished mightily. Wister never again met with such success, but other writers, more commercial perhaps, writing serials and pulps and short-stories and novels, worked out the pattern of more or less authentic Western background with romantic derring-do added to taste.

The standard Western has not drifted far from "The Virginian." The story is still one of the stalwart son of the frontier who overcomes various obstacles and villainies and gets the girl. The locale, obviously, is the West, more specifically the Southwest, including Texas, and running as far north as Wyoming. Cattle-raising is the chief occupation, although sometimes mining or railroading is dealt with, and there is a considerable body of cavalry stories. The time is 1870 to 1900.

The changes which can be rung on this story are, apparently, limitless. But it is one of the problems of the Western that if it wanders too far off this beaten trail, it is likely to get rounded up and branded a novel. Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "Ox-bow Incident," A. B. Guthrie's "The Way West," and recently Tom Lea's "The Wonderful Country" are examples of strays which are novels of the West without being Westerns. Sometimes, too, publishers have promoted a Western as a Novel of the American Past.

Unfortunately, a standard setting and a standard story has rather encouraged a standard treatment. Heroes are often so rugged and righteous and resistant to physical damage as to be superhuman; heroines are so pure and virtuous as to be pallid; villains so black as to be incredible. Only the horse seems to show an occasional spark of life. The development of the plot depends upon improbable coincidence and the general thick-headedness of all concerned.

But these are the bad Westerns, of which there are many. Working within the same framework, such stalwarts as William McLeod Raine, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Luke Short, William Colt MacDonald, Alan LeMay, and others before and after have turned out stories of action and color and interest. At their best, the Western writers are real craftsmen and story-tellers.

The writers of Westerns are incredibly prolific, often writing for several different publishing houses under as many different names. A few also, either under their own names or with still different pseudonyms, write other forms of light fiction such as sports stories, light romances, and mysteries. The late Frederick Faust, under at least five pseudonyms, including Max Brand, wrote well over a hundred Westerns, many of which are still being published posthumously. As Max Brand, Faust also wrote the successful "Dr. Kildare" series. Zane Grey turned out a shelfful of Western epics, of which some forty-nine are still in print. Harry Drago, under six pseudonyms, has nearly sixty Westerns in print in the 25¢ editions alone. And James Fargo, writing in *The Prairie Schooner*, points out that Ernest Haycox, one of the titans in the field, in a working lifetime of over a quarter century published roughly a short-story a month and a novel a year.

The question of the author's name is quite important. For the Western aficionado is likely to select by brand: he may, for example, prefer Don Davis to Evan Evans, a Raine to a MacDonald; he may even find himself in the untenable position of preferring Will Ermine to Bliss Lomax, without realizing that both are pseudonyms of the same author. The title of the book is less important than the author's name, although the reader of Westerns is influenced by it to a certain extent. And for some curious reason, the words "Texas" or "Tex," whether in the author's name or in the title, is likely favorably to influence the Western fan. Subject matter is hardly taken into account, since the fact that it is a Western by Ernenwein gives a pretty good clue, just as the mystery fan knows what to expect of a Ngaio Marsh.

As in the mystery field, publishers' imprints have some prestige. In the hardbound field, our amateur may, for example, prefer Jefferson House Westerns to Diamond D's; Signet to Bantam among the reprints; Gold Medal to Handibooks in the 25¢ originals.

DEPENDING upon the author and the imprint, Westerns sell somewhere between 4,000 and 8,000 copies of the first, or hard-cover, edition. These are not figures to make either author or publisher jubilant. Nor does it comfort them to know that about 80 per cent of this sale is to lending libraries and public libraries, so that the books reach a much larger audience than the sales records would indicate. There is no book club devoted

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exclusively to Westerns. While Hollywood for years has turned out Westerns of every grade, most of these are written on the lot. Even a virtually automatic sale of rights in England, where there is a large and devoted following of these tales of six-shooters and chaparral, does not yield any very substantial rewards.

Where the money lies, of course, is in the 25¢ reprint. Virtually every Western ever written has been brought out in the cheaper format by the 25¢ reprint houses, some of them twice, since it has been discovered that after a dozen or so years have elapsed there is a whole new market for the same tale.

According to one tabulation, 2,000,000 copies of paperbound Westerns were sold in 1945. By 1951 sales had mushroomed to 35,000,000 copies or 16 per cent of all paperbound reprint sales. Probably the best-seller among 25¢ Westerns is Max Brand's "Singing Guns," which has sold well over 1,250,000 copies. Brand has twenty other titles on the Pocket Books list, with a combined sale of over 9,300,000, putting him in fourth place on the Pocket Books's best-seller list, after Erle Stanley Gardner, Ellery Queen, and Thorne Smith. Freeman Lewis in the Bowker Lecture of 1952 cited "Bugles in the Afternoon," by Ernest Haycox, "Ride the Man Down" and "Ramrod," by Luke Short, and "Nevada," by Zane Grey, as Westerns which ranked among the top twenty sellers of various reprint houses.

Publishers' Weekly recently reported that during 1952 there were 213 Westerns published: 119 originals and ninety-four reprints. In 1951 there were ninety-eight reprints and 102 originals. These figures are quite significant, for they reflect the rather drastic change in the publishing pattern caused by the rise of the 25¢ and 35¢ paperbound original. The increase in original Westerns published in 1952 was due in no small part to the increased output of the original paperbound publishers.

Many of the authors who write for hard-cover publication have been looking with interest at the success of the paperbound originals and with even more interest at the larger per copy royalties which accrue to them from paperbound originals than from paperbound reprints.

Another entry into the confused field is the newly launched Ballantine Books, which publishes a paperbound edition at 35¢ simultaneously with a low-priced hard-cover edition under their own, or another publisher's imprint. Recently Luke Short's "Saddle by Starlight" was so published jointly by Ballantine and Houghton Mifflin.

Editors and authors of Westerns view the paperbound market with varying enthusiasm. Some state that it has put the Western back twenty-five years, that the poor Western drives the good Western out of the market, since the 25¢ field is reluctant to experiment with off-trail stories. This the 25¢ publisher denies, claiming that he is as interested as anyone else in improving the quality and sales of the Western. Others say that the 25¢ originals, by introducing sex and sadism in many of their publications to an extent not generally accepted in the traditional hard-cover editions, are cheapening the Western. At the same time, still others say that a little more spice of that nature would improve the Western.

Throughout the field there is an undoubted trend away from the pattern. Such books as Frank O'Rourke's "Warbonnet Law" and Jack Schaeffer's "Shane" are, in varying degrees, off the worn trail. There is more attention paid to historical accuracy and mood. There is a realization, as one author put it, that the gun that could fire and does not has more suspense than a dozen corpses.

The standard Western, however, has not been abandoned entirely. But it has been upgraded. The hackneyed, threadbare, pattern Western does not find such ready acceptance. Even the Western which stays on the trail is becoming more realistic and more credible. In Hollywood, while the standard horse operas are still being produced and still have their audience, such movies as "Stagecoach," "Red River," and the recent award-winning "High Noon" have had good box office. The newer, more realistic Western is finding increased acceptance in the big-circulation weekly magazines such as the *Post* and *Collier's*. Many authors and editors feel that it is also finding an audience among book readers to whom a novel of adventure and courage, about real people of integrity and self-reliance, set in the West of the raw and exciting days before the coming of the automobile and the airplane, gives pleasure and relaxation.

Messiah in Red

THE DARK SAVIOUR. By Robert Harling. New York: Harper & Bros. 320 pp. $3.50.

By Charles Lee

THE middle-aged newspaperman narrator of Mr. Harling's second novel finds something less than paradise on the tropical Caribbean island to which his London employers order him. He discovers, first of all, that the local correspondent for his chain of conservative British newspapers is actually a Communist. He discovers, too, that the island's large and underprivileged native population has come under the spell of a messianic African doctor named Hercules Smith. He discovers, finally, and disconcertingly, that he is capable of becoming interested in two women at the same time, a situation that is additionally complicated by reason of the fact that both of them are married.

As readers of "The Paper Palace" will recall, Mr. Harling knows how to tell a story that has felicity of style and speed of action. "The Dark Saviour" has these merits and more. It is a political novel that probes the nature of revolt on one of Her Majesty's least important possessions. It is a dramatic study of the nature of psychological warfare. Most of all, like any good novel, it is a study of the nature of man; and the important moment of that study will occur after the reader has turned the last page and begun reading himself. No implication of really extraordinary achievement is intended by these remarks, but it is fair to say that this is both an intelligent and a stimulating book; it has the flash of wit, and, more to the point in fiction, it is continually interesting.

For some the stimulation will reside in its account of localized Communist tactics. Others will be left to wondering about Maria and Eve, building sequels of their own. Still others will be brooding, at story's end, about the major historical consequences of trivial acts; for example, the click of Roger Emilio Riera's camera.

But most readers, we suspect, will leave the book debating, defending, or denouncing the character of Hercules Smith. Was he a Communist *and* a Christian? Was he a Caribbean Lenin, an angel of darkness with an overdeveloped left wing, or was he, as he said he was, "the Lord's appointed," the destined dark savior of his people? Does the author intend that the reader give closer thought

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to Hercules's ascetic wanderings about the island in his mysterious jeep, to the crowds that follow his faith-healing curious mumbo-jumbo of Christian reference and Communist inference, to the answers that he gives to his interviewers, to the thirty lives that are lost in the violent climax of the book?

Mr. Harling might avoid photographers in his next book (he has used them importantly in both of his novels) and master his inclination to describe the clothes of all of his characters. Also, we should like to see him break away from the facile urbanities of his anonymous narrator; the divorce might result in greater depth of characterization. But all this is not to deny that his "The Dark Saviour" is one of the better entertainments of the moment.

The Search for Wonder

NIGHT LIGHT. By Douglass Wallop. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 378 pp. $3.50.

By Al Hine

THERE is the ghost of an affinity between the young man in Douglass Wallop's excellent first novel and the bewildered and rebellious adolescent of J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye." The two books are by no means alike and yet it seems safe to say that the readers who were impatient with "The Catcher" may be equally irritated and confused by "Night Light," and that most of those who admired the Salinger book will be interested and excited by Mr. Wallop's work. To follow through further, if Salinger's boy had not in some way found himself, had not been able to cross the ugly and perilous bridge between childhood and what passes for maturity, he might—just might, mind you—have come to the same sticky end as Alfie Lambert in "Night Light."

"Night Light" begins abruptly and cruelly with the senseless murder of a six-year-old girl. She has been shot, at random, by a young man perched on the roof of an apartment house who plunges to his own death after pulling the trigger. Robert Horne, the child's father, sets out on a hopeless, yet relentlessly driven search to find the identity of the killer, and, somehow, the blame for his having killed.

"Night Light" is the story of Robert Horne's search and, as revealed through the search, of the gradually unfolding character of Alfie Lambert, the lost, lonely, bitter boy who fired the shot in a rebellion against a world he blamed for the failure of his own violent, egocentric, never complete or coherent ambitions. "Night Light" gives no pat or cozy explanation of what has made Alfie Lambert what he is; it simply records his troubled years without much finger pointing of either blame or excuse. He had lost his mother and had come in turn under the care of a housekeeper who loved and tried to help him and of a stepmother who could do neither. He found the role of outcast easy to adopt, and easy to adopt with it a sort of corny, pseudo-Nietzschean superiority. He was adult in half a dozen surface ways, and still a child, and a not very pleasant child, in most others. He found one near escape in progressive jazz, but not a full escape. His genius for bollixing up his own and other lives betrayed him here and to the end. When Robert Horne does find Alfie's father, where he thinks both blame and solution lie, he suddenly realizes that he has solved nothing, and discovered only that life and death and the relationship of individual to individual are beyond him.

This is an inadequate summation of a novel that is moving and tautly interesting from first page to last. Mr. Wallop writes fluently and without affectation, even when he is exploring the subcellars of bop. "Night Light" is not a pleasant book, but it is never in bad taste. It made this reader hopeful and anxious to see more of Mr. Wallop's work.

Douglass Wallop—"excellent first novel."

An Immemorial Pose

GENTLEMAN OF CHINA. By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. 282 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Payne

THERE are men still alive who can remember the day when the bowmen of the Imperial Army of the Manchu Emperor fought against the French on the borders of Yunnan with nothing more dangerous than their arrows. Today, as we look back toward the Twenties and Thirties, remembering the time of the war lords and the international settlements which flourished in Shanghai, Hankow, Chefoo, and twenty other places, we seem to be gazing back at a time equally remote, and equally fantastic. Was it only a few years ago that we walked across the immense gardens of the British consulate-general in Shanghai toward the guns of the warships trained on the Bund? Sooner or later we may have to inquire into those strange years when all China was in ferment, and only in the international settlements was there a delusory calm. Out of Shanghai, and all its poisons, there may have grown the terrible flower which throws its shadow over the East.

In "Gentleman of China" Robert Standish has written a parable on the fabulous decades. The gentleman of the title is a true gentleman, grave and decorous in his movements, always wearing a black silk gown and always immersed in thoughts of virtue; he is something of an opium-smoker, but this is a fault to be pardoned in a man of rare attainments. A descendant of Confucius, tall and handsome, exquisitely mannered, incapable of malice, remote and strangely absorbed in himself, he has brought together in his mysterious house by the river the scum of Shanghai. He feeds them, rules over them, occasionally admonishes them. He has a theory that these poor devils deserve to be fed, and if they are well looked after the crime rate in Shanghai will be reduced.

To pay for their food he deliberately, calmly, and judiciously extorts blackmail from the businessmen of Shanghai. The insurance companies rise up in protest. Since most of the businessmen in Shanghai are protected by the seal of Kung's Greater Shanghai Benevolence Society, hardly anyone bothers to take out insurance any longer, and the insurance companies are faced with total bankruptcy. The matter is brought to the attention of Inspector Willoughby of the Central

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Police Station. It occurs to Willoughby with a shock that there may be something to be said for intelligent and well-informed blackmail after all.

It is not, of course, quite as simple as this. There are complications attending a particularly horrible massacre in a godown in Yangzsepoo Road, and there is the mysterious occasion when Kung himself was slugged over the head by the brother of his favorite dancing-girl. There is the question of whether or not Kung had a scar on his right knee, and what happened when Mr. Blackross, chief agent for Dr. Constantine's Miraculous Cough Cure (which contained a purge and was sold in millions) received a visitor dressed entirely in white who played the flageolet and carried a parcel containing a revolver.

These sluggings, however, are merely cream on the pastry. There must be a story, and Standish has invented some agreeable and preposterous nonsense to keep the story going. But he is less interested in his story than in examining the characters of Willoughby and Kung who, as president of the successor to the ancient Thieves' Guild, is in a position to offer remarkable advice on the proper functions of policemen. And Standish, who knows his Shanghai well, observes them critically and delightfully and with the necessary detachment, setting them against the mist-laden river with the sampans floating down like ghosts or as they wander in the dark canyons between the Shanghai skyscrapers, avoiding each other only in order to pursue one another; and sometimes, but always by accident, they meet and talk quietly about their separate fates. The talk, indeed, is the best part of the book, and sometimes exceedingly well sharpened, as when a Chinese lawyer is made to say:

"The West laughs at our Chinese devotion to face, but, no less than ourselves, the West is obsessed with face. Almost every act of the Westerner, from the struttings and the pompous pretences of high morality to the foolish waste of money in order to impress others, is a manifestation of Western face. We call it by its right name: they call it dignity, prestige, and a dozen other save-face names. But it is still face. The gulf which is said to divide the East from the West is not so wide as many people believe. The East and the West see in each other mirrored characteristics and, because they do not like what they see, they go on widening the gulf which barely existed when they first began to meet each other two or three centuries ago."

The Anatomy of Terror

KISS ME AGAIN, STRANGER. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 319 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

Daphne du Maurier—"sheer terror."

EACH of the highly imaginative seven stories and the single novelette in Miss du Maurier's latest book deal with human beings caught in some grotesque or fateful situation, struggling to escape disaster and the numbing shock of sheer terror. With the exception of those in one story and in the short novel they are quite ordinary people: there is a countryman and his family trapped in his cottage, a middle-aged housewife, a bored Frenchwoman at a seaside resort, a suburban widower, a happy young wife, and a garage mechanic who falls in love with a girl he met in a movie. They are the familiar folk one can come upon in any town, on any street, and in this book their commonness lends an extraordinary reality to the events that overtake them.

In the title story the lonely mechanic follows the lovely girl into a bus and rides with her to the end of the route where she allows him to kiss her as she lies flat on a wet tombstone. She tells him that her entire family had been killed in an air raid and that she is wandering from town to town. The next day he discovers that she had murdered the young man in the uniform of the Royal Air Force they had met in a coffee shop the night before and that no one knew how many airmen she had lured to their death in the past.

In "The Split Second," a housewife and mother returns from a shopping trip to her house to find it divided into shabby apartments inhabited by strangers. Mrs. Ellis had died in a street accident and had returned to life thirty years later. The bored French marquise at the seaside found her first lover in a timid and club-footed town photographer. She pushed him over a cliff; but there is a grim hint at the end of the story that Madame la Marquise, driving home to her chateau and safety, knew she was pregnant and might bring to birth a child with a clubfoot.

A detective employed by a bereaved husband in "No Motive" to find the reason for his obviously happy bride's suicide discovers she had been raped by a farm laborer at fourteen and had lost her memory when the son she bore was taken from her. The past had returned to her instantly when her butler said that a salesman who had called on her was "a proper little carrot." It was the name she had given her red-headed baby.

The most terrifying and perhaps the best story in the collection is "The Birds," a classic of its eerie kind. The farmer whose cottage is besieged and assaulted by all of the feathered inhabitants of the air can leave it to find food only at the turn of the tide. The telephone wires are broken, the radio is silent, dead people lie in the fields and along the roads. With his family he is doomed to die of starvation at home, or have his eyes torn out by the pointed beaks of countless wrens and hawks and gulls who dive on human beings like winged bullets.

The short novel, "Monte Verita," is concerned partly with the strange ecstasy which overtakes men who venture their lives on the icy cliffs of inaccessible mountains. Here the young bride of a mountain climber finds amongst the few inhabitants of a bleak village a weird religious cult allied to sorcery and the worship of the moon goddess. In the night she is irresistibly drawn to a windowless and ancient monastery clinging to a vertiginous cliff beneath the summit. She disappears into its dark recesses forever, a fate that has overtaken countless young village women. There is a legend that they have become immortal. What had been her fate and who were the other invisible cliff dwellers is a story that belongs to the weird realm of fantasy fiction where it should take its place in the anthologies for a long time to come.

There are not many writers capable of persuading their readers that ordinary people can be drawn into strange

(*Continued on page* 52)

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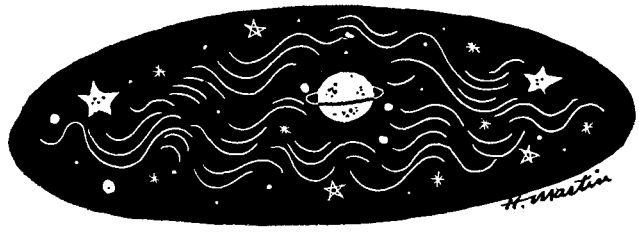

From a Celestial Library

JAMES STOKLEY

WHEN Sir James Jeans died in England in September 1946, the world lost an outstanding popularizer of science as well as a distinguished mathematician and astronomer. In one respect he differed from most of the other scientists who were also popular writers. Instead of following the two careers simultaneously, in 1929 he switched from one of original research to one of elucidation. In a newly published biography,* the author, the late E. A. Milne, himself a scientist equal to Jeans in stature, explains it thus:

"Jeans . . . . had great scientific achievements to his credit; in 1929 he was fifty-two and nothing is more pathetic in the biography of a great scientist than when the stream of original papers, instead of drying up suddenly, becomes a trickle of inferior quality. Jeans had probably passed the height of his powers as a mathematician. Probably he recognized this. The less he concerned himself now with the technical details of mathematical investigation, the more he could stand back and survey what he himself and others had accomplished and interpret it for the benefit of the intelligent non-specialist.

"His decade of astronomical activity, 1919-29, had been splendid but scarcely the equal of the half decade, 1914-19. Instead of forcing himself into the narrower grooves of technical original work again, he embarked on a second career, which was to be at least equally splendid."

First came "The Universe Around Us," in 1929, followed in the next five years by five others. "This rapid succession of popular and semi-popular works of consistently high literary content provoked the astonishment both of the learned and the unlearned," writes Milne. "Jeans was dubbed 'the Edgar Wallace of Astronomy' and it was a Fleet Street joke to ask: 'Have you read the midday Jeans'?" But Jeans was primarily a research worker, and in the concluding chapters Milne gives a concise account of four of his principal contributions to science, ending with an account of his philosophy. Thus the book presents a well-rounded account of the life and work of a great astronomer who became better known to the public than most of his colleagues.

The most successful of Jeans's books was "The Mysterious Universe," the expansion of a lecture at Cambridge University. According to S. C. Roberts, Jeans's friend as well as publisher, who writes an introductory memoir to Milne's biography, they sold a thousand copies a day for a month. It was well received in America and was translated into no less than thirteen other languages. In this book Jeans arrived at his famous conclusion that "from the intrinsic evidence of his creation, the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician," rather than as an engineer or biologist.

The outstanding scientist who is also able to write lucidly for the layman seems to be more common in England than in the United States, although we have some good examples, such as the physicist George Gamow of George Washington University. Among the British, one thinks of Huxley and Tyndall, in an earlier generation, and Sir William Bragg and Sir Arthur Eddington, as well as Jeans, among the moderns. In this country George Ellery Hale, first director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, was able to write some magnificent popular accounts of technical work, though his busy life, combined with poor health in his later years, left him little time to do so.

However, the Mount Palomar Observatory's 200-inch telescope, which has been named for Hale, might not be in existence today were it not for a popular article he wrote in *Harper's Magazine* in April 1928, on the possibilities of large telescopes. An advance copy was sent to Dr. Wickliffe Rose, president of the International Education Board. Opinions differ as to just how much this was responsible, but the Board did provide the necessary funds. Probably Rose was already favorably inclined but undoubtedly the article helped to crystalize his thinking and arouse his enthusiasm, as well as that of the Board. They finally contributed $6,000,000 needed to build this great instrument, now the world's largest telescope.

Seldom can a single article be so closely identified with a particular scientific achievement, but clear explanations of scientific work, written with intelligence and understanding, certainly aid the support of science, which ultimately comes from the public.

If it is true—and the point might be debated—that American scientists have lagged somewhat behind their British colleagues in explaining their work to the public, a most significant development in this country has been the rise of a recognized profession devoted to telling what the scientists are doing. Some of its practitioners have entered from the journalistic side. For example, the late Howard Blakeslee had reached the age of forty-eight, with a distinguished newspaper career of twenty-seven years behind him, when he was made science editor of the Associated Press. In this post he was able to win the respect and admiration of scientists of all kinds—even those in medicine who are traditionally among the most sensitive when it comes to telling the public about their work.

ON the other hand, one of the first great names in this modern generation of interpreters of science was that of Edwin E. Slosson, who had been a professor of chemistry at the University of Wyoming, devoting part of his time to literary production. He left the teaching profession to become literary editor of *The Independent*. In 1919 his famous book, "Creative Chemistry," set new publishing records for a work of this kind.

It was in 1921 that the joint thinking of a newspaperman, Edward W. Scripps, and a biologist, William E. Ritter, materialized in the founding of Science Service, to provide newspa-

"SIR JAMES JEANS. By E. A. Milne. New York: Cambridge University Press. 176 pp. $4.

James Stokley is the author of "Science Remakes Our World" and "Electrons in Action."

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pers and other publications with interesting and authentic news of science. Slosson was the first director and guided it until his death in 1929.

But even though great advances have been made the remaining opportunities in disseminating public knowledge of science are still boundless. This was shown recently by the number of people who accepted seriously the fantastic ideas of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky. Science-fiction has a definite place in literature, but it should not be confused with authentic science. Perhaps it was some unhappy mistake that led a leading publishing house to issue the Velikovsky book as science rather than as fantasy, but the editors of such a firm are presumably unusually well-informed. If they could make such an error, it emphasizes the need for wider education as to what science is and does. On the other hand, there are reasons to feel encouraged. The fact that a book of the excellence of Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," for example, could achieve the best-seller lists and remain there for a record time is reason for gratification.

Science has attained an importance that is now generally recognized and appreciated, though to many it has brought a feeling of fear. The more that the public is given a real appreciation of science the less prevalent will be such a feeling and the better it will be able to function as a constructive force.

Mother of Us All

WATER: Miracle of Nature. By Thomson King. New York: The Macmillan Co. 238 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN PFEIFFER

"QUENCH your thirst . . . Sail to Europe . . . Cast a fly for trout . . . Shed a tear . . . Have you ever stopped to think of the simple everyday element necessary for those things, in fact for your very existence —*water*?" Cover blurbs sometimes fail to do books justice and, when that happens, reviewers rarely hesitate to use their most crushing commentaries. In all fairness, therefore, it should be noted that the above-quoted blurb catches the spirit of "Water: Miracle of Nature." This book is an example of a type of popular-science writing which is not practised as often as it used to be, the "breathless or wonder-of-it-all school." It is certainly true that water is one of the many amazing things we take for granted, and Thomson King makes an effective effort to jar us out of our complacency.

Mr. King, an engineer who has worked for many years with various power companies, has made the study of water a hobby. Now, as director of the Maryland Academy of Science, he offers a collection of interesting facts about his favorite subject. The first part of the book is devoted to information about the nature of water itself. "Water is the most universal of solvents"—which means that it will dissolve, at least partially, practically anything we put into it. This fact is important in theorizing about the origin of life on earth. Minerals, salts, gases dissolved in primeval pools and formed strange mixtures of changing composition. Nature synthesized and destroyed many substances before she hit upon the recipe for protoplasm, and the chief ingredient was water.

Water is the great shaper and leveler of the earth's crust. It has been carving grand canyons ever since early geological times and is still actively at work. Every year the rivers of the United States deposit about 780 million tons of material into the seas, and the seas contribute their share of erosion by battering against coasts with pressures as high as three tons per square foot. The climate, as well as the contours of the earth, is undergoing gradual change. Glaciers are melting, and the next ten thousand years will see the end of our present spell of cold weather. The subtropical zone will continue to creep northwards until Boston basks in the same climate that prevails in New Orleans today. (The author does not go into possible effects on the New England character.)

The second part of the book deals with some of the things we do with water. For one thing, we drink it, and the engineer in Mr. King comes to the fore as he discusses the famous aqueducts which delivered 130 millions gallons of water a day to imperial Rome. He admires the work of the ancients, but not uncritically. "In spite of great skill in hydraulics, the Roman engineers never mastered the art of making pressure-tight joints in large pipes." Sailing and navigation, dams and electric power, steam engines and turbines—these are some of the other developments which, directly or indirectly, depend on man's knowledge of water. A few paragraphs are used to go into myths about the powers of dowsing. "Water: Miracle of Nature" answers practically any question you can think of in connection with its subject, and may serve as a valuable reference volume. However, it includes too many interesting but basically unrelated facts to be a completely interesting book.

"Fred's in a rut—he's trigger happy."

John Pfeiffer is the science director of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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BEHIND THE BOOK

"THE Wonderful World of Insects," published by Rinehart & Co., New York, and "The Bible," printed by Johann Gutenberg, Mainz, are not exactly a pair of books that, at first glance, appear to have a characteristic in common. "Insects," dealing in bumblebees, black-widow spiders, and tsetse flies, is just a couple of days old; $4 will get you any copy of the 7,500 in print. The Gutenberg, dealing in a quite different subject, is 500 years old; $200,000 will get you the Shuckburgh copy, one of the forty-six Gutenberg Bibles extant. Nonetheless, the Rinehart and the Gutenberg, between them, enjoy the distinction of being trailblazers —the latter being the first book to be printed in Europe from movable type, the former being the first book to be composed anywhere by the Photon.

The Photon is currently the hottest thing in printing circles, hot enough to drive publishers to use the word "revolutionary" in describing the process. Publishers have been known to be conservative. From all quarters, superlatives have swamped the Photon: "A new era in printing," says *The Boston Daily Globe*; "'Insects' may wind up as a museum piece," says *Business Week*; "Remarkable as insects may be, the Photon is more so," says *Newsweek*; and, "Many publishers see it as the greatest advancement in printing since movable type was invented by Johann Gutenberg in Germany," says *The Christian Science Monitor*.

All the hullabaloo has revolved around the creation of the Graphic Arts Research Foundation, at Cambridge, Mass., a nonprofit, industry-wide organization which, to date, has fed at least $720,000 into its pride-and-joy. The gentlemen with the Photon idea were a couple of telephone engineers, Parisians by the name of René A. Higonnet and Louis M. Moyroud. The shaky franc situation, however, didn't encourage research, so they turned to the United States—to the Lithomat Corporation, in Cambridge, to be exact. William W. Garth, Jr., its president, not only got excited about the imported idea, he promptly sold his own business and set up GARF in 1949—backed financially by industries like the book-printing and newspaper, and backed scientifically by men like Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution.

Physically, the Photon is a 54″ wide, 48″ deep desk, full of electronic secrets and topped by an electric typewriter. Only a fifth row of keys and a battery of buttons to the typewriter's right are a tip-off that this isn't simply a kind of hot-rod desk. For incorporated into the desk is a variety of astonishing electronic brains—a memory unit, a justifier, and a photographic unit —all of which contribute to the Photon's triumph: the ability to deliver a film negative that looks exactly the way the page will when finally printed. In other words, the Photon, though it still has some problems of its own to lick, may ultimately be a pallbearer of the comparatively costly and messy linotype process based on slugs of type, a process that hasn't changed much since the 1880's. In a testimonial to the Photon's simplicity, a man intimately associated with the project said the other day: "A girl typist can be hired today; first thing tomorrow, she can be setting a book just as fast as she can type." Corroboration came fast from the girl who actually set "Insects" at a rate of 12,000 characters an hour: "It was as easy as typing a letter."

Of all the Photon processes, one of the most interesting has to do with the photographing of a line. When, for example, the proper button in the battery is pushed, a message is relayed electronically to a whirling eight-inch, twenty-four-ounce glass disc, containing sixteen different and complete alphabets of transparent letters and symbols. As the desired letter flashes by a magnifying lens, a stroboscopic light "seizes" its image and deposits it on a roll of photographic film. Once the film is developed, book plates are engraved.

The other day, a Rinehart spokesman summed up the adventure: "We're very happy about it." It turned out, though, that he felt the Photon might eclipse "Insects" a little too completely. "It's a good book, it shouldn't ride as a tail of the kite," he said vigorously. "But let's face it, a lot of people would buy it even if it were 'Little Red Riding Hood,' just to see a first-edition Photon."

—BERNARD KALB.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS. By Albro T. Gaul. New York: Rinehart & Co. 290 pp. $4.

By MARSTON BATES

THE insect world is a wonderful place, all right. It has served science-fiction writers well in their efforts to picture forms of life and intelligence that are "out of this world" since the days when H. G. Wells so graphically described the ant-like selenites of the caverns of the moon. The insect world is a place where some of the inhabitants see far into the ultra-violet, where smell may be acute enough for a male moth to track down a female miles away, where liquids may be tasted with the tip of the feet, where social organization seems to have reached the ultimate in the subordination of the individual to society. It is a world so strange, so topsy-turvey to us mammals, that few writers have succeeded in conveying the wonder of it. The tendency is either to lose the reader in the technical verbiage, a verbiage that is probably really necessary for a strictly objective account; or else to oversimplify, stressing the bizarre, the queer, the fantastic, until no feeling is left of the plain fact that the insects are also very much a part of the workaday world in which we all live.

Mr. Gaul has navigated very neatly between these hazardous extremes, producing a book that is completely non-technical and yet entirely accurate. He stresses insect behavior and the relations of insect activity to human economy, instead of the classification and identification that usually take up so much space in general books on insects. He describes growth and metamorphosis, sense organs, environmental relations (such as determining direction by the angle of sunlight), the role of disease among insects as well as the role of insects in transmitting human diseases. He writes about the ways in which insects have met the problems of life in fresh water, about the complex phenomena of insect parasitism, about the relations between insects and plants (including their actions, from the human point of view, as pests), and about the organization of insect societies. Naturally, he has not been able to deal exhaustively with any of these

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Marston Bates, professor of zoology at the University of Michigan, wrote "The Natural History of Mosquitoes," and "The Nature of Natural History."

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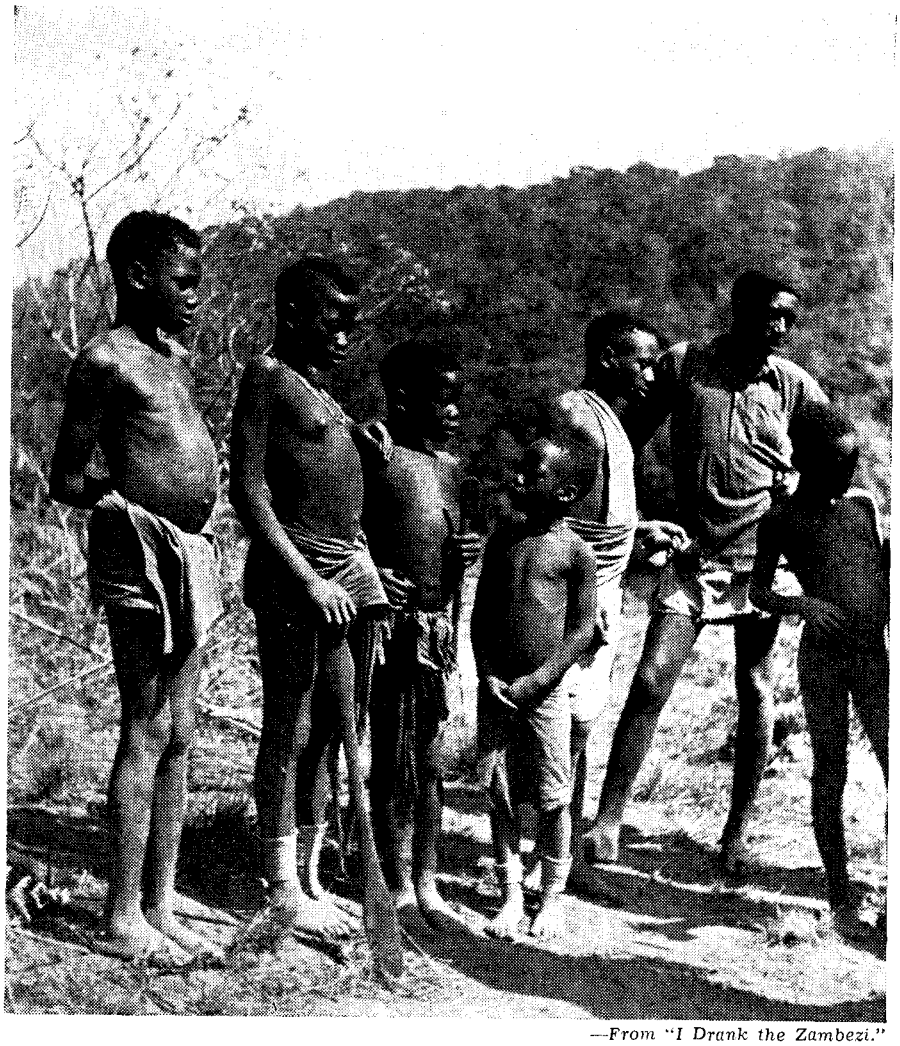

—From "I Drank the Zambezi."

Shirtless Misuku boys—"unexpected happenings vex the traveler in Africa."

diverse topics, but he has shown very good judgment in selecting salient points for emphasis.

Yet, with all of this, it seems to me that Mr. Gaul has produced a somewhat dull book from the point of view of the adult and sophisticated reader. I doubt whether many people will start it and be carried on by the sheer pleasure of reading; I suspect that some preliminary interest, some nascent curiosity, would be required as a reading motive. Because of its simplicity and accuracy, I should think it would be an excellent book for the adolescent with a developing interest in nature, and it is the sort of book that ought to be in all secondary-school libraries.

Perhaps this is the audience at which Mr. Gaul was aiming; if so, I am falling into the common critical sin of discussing, not his book, but the book I think he should have written. I suspect, however, that he was trying to reach that wide hypothetical group of "intelligent citizens" who keep the publishing business going; and that, like most of us who try, he will have failed in this. His book is written in straight, expository prose, rather rarely relieved by unexpected twists of humor, or narration of personal experiences, or excursions into evocative description. Our really successful popularizers have depended greatly on one or more of these devices. But such devices are dangerous, and I can imagine that Mr. Gaul has avoided them deliberately in his effort to be both scientific and intelligible. If he is like the rest of us, he is afraid of the opinions of his scientific colleagues, who are sure to frown on the personal, narrative, "subjective" approach. This approach, truly, leads easily into nature-faking which can be misleading and thus directly harmful to the cause of explaining science. But the critical attitude of the scientific community toward this kind of writing is also very harmful, and acts as a real deterrent to experimental writing by members of that community.

The book has been set by a new photographic type-composing machine which permits a lavish use of photographic illustration at a reasonable cost. The photographs used in the book are in part both striking and informative; but many of them also seem muddy and pointless.

Warm & Fertile Waters

I DRANK THE ZAMBEZI. By Arthur Loveridge. New York: Harper & Bros. 296 pp. $4.

By Percy A. Morris

THERE have been many books recounting lion hunts, elephant drives, and other forms of big-game hunting in Africa, but here is a book concerned chiefly with the smaller creatures — the frogs, snails, and snakes, rodents and bats, done by a man who writes from firsthand knowledge, so that those of us who can't even pronounce the names feel zoologically educated when we close the covers.

Arthur Loveridge is curator of reptiles and amphibians at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard University, a man with a worldwide reputation as an authority on African frogs and toads, lizards and snakes, and other "cold-blooded" creatures. This means, in scientific circles, that he is an "herpetologist," but his zoological background does not hamper him in recording the commonplace as well as the unexpected happenings that befall, and often vex, the traveler in modern Africa.

More than one hundred years ago one Wilhelm Peters, a Berlin naturalist, ascended for some three hundred miles the Zambezi River in East Africa. Subsequently he described and named a number of new species of amphibians from that territory. Now, a century later, Loveridge visited the same mountainous plateaus and river basins in the Nyasaland Protectorate, before the disappearance of the forests, accelerated since the war, could result in profound changes in the faunas of the region. His purpose was twofold; first to secure as complete as possible a collection of topotypes—specimens taken from the same locality of the originally described species, and, second, to straighten out the nomenclature of the African frogs.

Although concerned chiefly with the herpetefauna, Loveridge did not neglect other forms of life, and the pages teem with interesting and often exciting accounts of the capture and preservation of birds and mammals, insects and mollusks, and almost every other living thing. He also made

(*Continued on page 55*)

Percy A. Morris, a staff member of the Peabody Museum at Yale University, is the author of "They Hop and Crawl" and several other books on natural science.

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Seeing Things

MARCHING ON

WALT WHITMAN was speaking simple truth when he said, "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear." That song, in all its might and multiplicity, sang in Stephen Vincent Benét's ears when he wrote "John Brown's Body." His America was a nation at war, exposed not only to the horrors common to warfare but to those terrible and special wounds which civil war alone can inflict.

The past, the *American* past, gave Benét a great theme, and he rose to its greatness. As a poet he was far too gifted, as a person far too alive, to write one of those "ponderous histories/That turn live men into dummies with smiles of wax,/Thoughtfully posed against a photographer's background/In the act of signing a treaty or drawing a sword." He had the welcome, the quickening power which can blow "the bookworm-dust" off the years.

He saw the War Between the States in the dimensions of individual anguish no less than in the hugeness of moral issues. He realized that as surely as it wrote the death sentence of one civilization it marked the birth of another. He knew the conflict was many things, a matter of politics, divided allegiances, divergent policies, and problems born years before in the stinking holds of slave ships. It involved decisions on a national scale and personal decisions as tormenting in almost every home. Accordingly, Benét painted memorable portraits of such leaders as Lincoln, Lee, Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and Grant, at the same time he sketched in brilliantly and movingly the crowded panorama of the war's sweep.

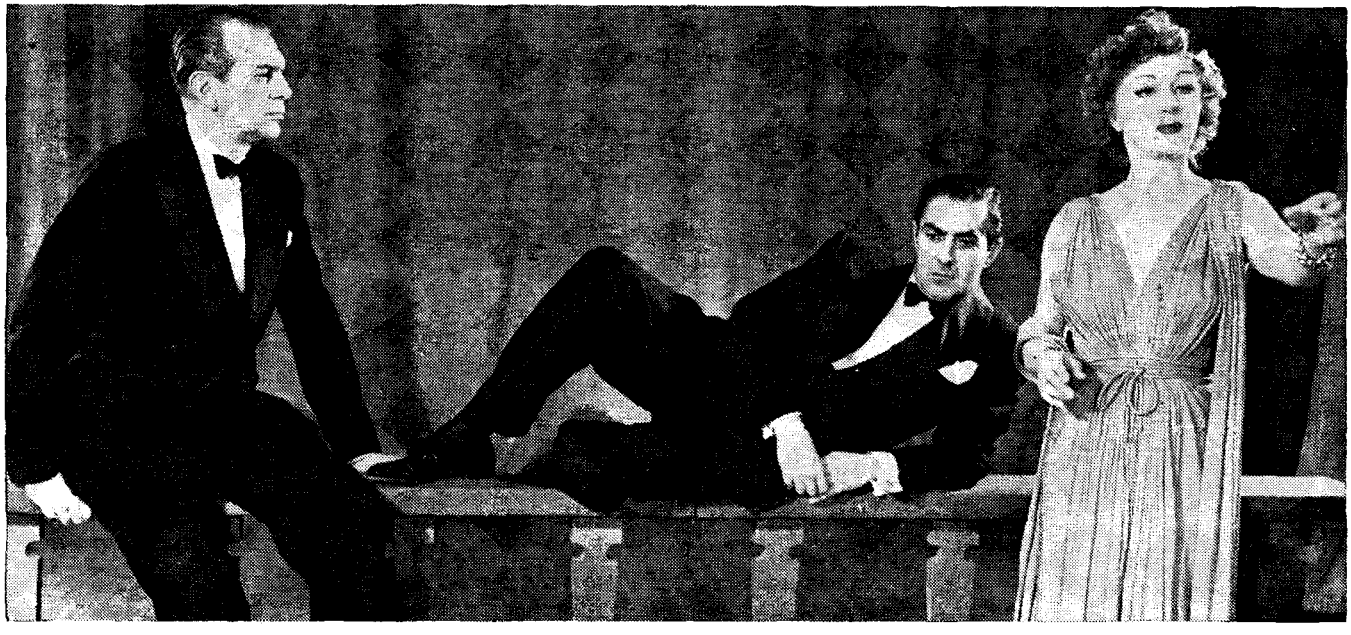
If Benét remembered the great, he did not forget the plain citizens on both sides who suffered during the struggle, and the young men in uniforms blue or gray who wrote those letters home which young men always write in wartime. His skill and imagination were such that he could give the same reality to the scenes and people he created that he gave to those which history had bequeathed him. His insight into character was as genuine as his sensory responses to the sights and sounds and smells of nature. He could contrast the countryside of Connecticut and Georgia as vividly as he could oppose the Yankee and Southern ways of life.

As the central figure for his chronicle of the fight to preserve the Union he chose old John Brown, the "fantastic bandit of the Kansas border," the "red-handed murderer at Pottawattomie," the "cloudy apostle," the sincere fanatic "with a certain minor-prophet air,/That fooled the world to thinking him half-great/When all he did consistently was fail." Benét used John Brown, who was right when wrong and wrong when right, because he saw him as "a stone flung from a sling against a wall,/A sacrificial instrument of kill," out of whose body has grown the revolving steel, the great metallic beast expanding West and East, and the tall skyscrapers, and the America that is here **today.**

Benét interspersed the march of his narrative with lyrics of uncommon beauty. His meters were as "strong and diverse" as the heart of the American Muse in his Invocation. His was a varying rhythm, alternating from blank verse to rhymes sharply stressed or turning at will to prose. But always the song was there. And the result of his hearing that song of America, and enabling us to hear it too, was an epic which has proved an enduring contribution to our literature.

When Charles Laughton brought "Don Juan in Hell" to the stage in the form of a "reading," he had at his disposal a literary work conceived as drama, meant to be acted, and written by one of the world's major playwrights. In the case of "John Brown's Body"* Mr. Laughton faced a very different assignment as a director. Benét's poem, though stirringly dramatic, was literature written without the theatre in mind. Mr. Laughton's

**JOHN BROWN'S BODY, a narrative poem by Stephen Vincent Benét. Adapted and directed by Charles Laughton. Music and effects by Walter Schumann. Choral director Richard White. Presented by Paul Gregory. With Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey, and a Choral Group. At the New Century Theatre, New York City. Opened February 14, 1953.*



Raymond Massey, Tyrone Power, and Judith Anderson—"the dimensions of individual anguish."

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challenge was, therefore, to find a way of presenting this epic so that it would create the illusion of having been intended for the stage. In doing this he and his actors have been wonderfully successful and unfailingly inventive.

There are those who have discussed the production of "John Brown's Body" as if it were a repetition of the methods used in "Don Juan in Hell." I assume this is because it also dispenses with settings, substitutes evening dress for costumes, and finds players speaking into microphones. But there, at least as I see it, all similarity in the two offerings ends, unless mention is made, as made it must be, of the excellence each achieved in its own way.

THE "Don Juan" interlude was an intellectual tour de force so dazzling in its thinking and brilliant in its wit that intellectual stimulation replaced emotion and became in its own right a theatrical adventure. Shaw had no story to tell in the usual sense. His drama was a debate, conducted with all the eloquence and forensic skill at his command, on the subject of Man's misuse of his talents and what he must become if he is to survive. Although Benét wrote from fine perceptions and an excellent mind, he wrote as a poet, not a dialectician. His concerns were emotional rather than intellectual. He, too, was interested in ideas, but his ideas were expressed in terms of individuals subject to love, exposed to death, and speaking for a distressed country while speaking for themselves. He had many stories to tell, all of which were part of a tremendous national saga, and he told them movingly.

The differences in Mr. Laughton's handling of "John Brown's Body" and "Don Juan" seem to me as unmistakable as those which in intention, manner, and theme distinguish Shaw's drama from Benét's epic. This time no attempt is made to create the illusion that the performance is a "reading." The three principals, Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey, carry no books. They speak from memory and, when not serving as narrators, each of them plays many parts.

Once again the stage is almost bare. Near the footlights to the audience's right and just in back of the microphones there is a red-topped balustrade which is put to a variety of purposes. Behind it and to the side is a bench to which the principals can retire when their scenes are over. To the far left at the back are chairs for the mixed chorus of twenty and the two dancers. Next to these, toward the center, is a chair often used by one or the other of the leading actors when resting.

When it comes to these simple essentials, the physical aspects of Mr. Laughton's production of "John Brown's Body" may seem similar to those he employed in staging "Don Juan." But the use he makes of them is drastically dissimilar. As a director his instinct is as unerring as the taste and wisdom he has shown in cutting and arranging Benét's long epic poem to suit the theatre's needs. He protects a script that might seem static by busying the eyes of his audience no less than their ears. Where the players in "Don Juan" were becalmed, Mr. Power, Miss Anderson, and Mr. Massey are in constant motion. Their crossings from chair to bench to balustrade, their moving from one mike to another, their being vitally in a scene then suddenly at repose out of it prove ever-helpful aids in dramatizing a text not written as drama.

The chorus is equally contributive. If it is pointed out that its members sing background music and supply the sounds of trains, guitars, crowds at a station, or rushing gales, this may seem to indicate that they are merely providing the equivalent of radio sound effects. Nothing could be further from the truth, for Mr. Laughton has managed to give his chorus a style distinguished in its own right. It is a visual style, a frieze-like quality, unobtrusive yet as definite as a ballet.

This same sense of stylization serves as a frame for the admirable performances of Mr. Power, Miss Anderson, and Mr. Massey without ever subtracting from the reality of their single scenes. These exceptional actors have never been more excellent than they are in the many parts which fall their way in "John Brown's Body." Their concentration is incredible, their variety astonishing, and their listening as eloquent as their speaking.

Miss Anderson, one of the great actresses of our day, is warm, human, and arresting, and once again demonstrates her infinite technical resourcefulness. Mr. Massey, fine throughout, is unforgettable in suggesting the fanaticism of John Brown, the heartbreak of the slave Cudjo, and the simple dignity of Lincoln, and in reading the beautiful passage on Lee. Mr. Power proves himself to be a performer of outstanding ability. His range is wide, his skill beyond challenge, and his acting out of the battle of Gettysburg is a virtuoso achievement of the highest kind. Indeed, the evening as a whole is a memorable experience, deeply moving and superbly acted. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Broadway Postscript

SISTER ROSALIND

"WONDERFUL TOWN" is the most competent, original, and adult musical comedy to reach this dreary metropolis in a long, long time. Based on Ruth McKenney's "My Sister Eileen" and adapted by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who thirteen years ago made a successful play out of the short stories, "Wonderful Town" accomplishes the tricky task of retaining the quality of the story and at the same time of overflowing into delightful inventions.

In the expansion out of the Greenwich Village walk-down the story has become much more the tart comedy of job-hunting Ruth Sherwood, who is constantly losing every potential beau to her blithe, good-hearted, and prettier sister. And the antagonist is more clearly the city itself.

But "Wonderful Town" has shied away from being a tone poem about the city in the Thirties. Many of the best numbers, such as "Conversation Piece," which makes a formal musical quartet out of those lulls occurring after someone tells an embarrassingly poor anecdote, could be used effectively in a completely different context. Instead, this musical comes across as a series of clever collaborations, each to be admired for its own dexterity, and bound together in the stage personality of Rosalind Russell.

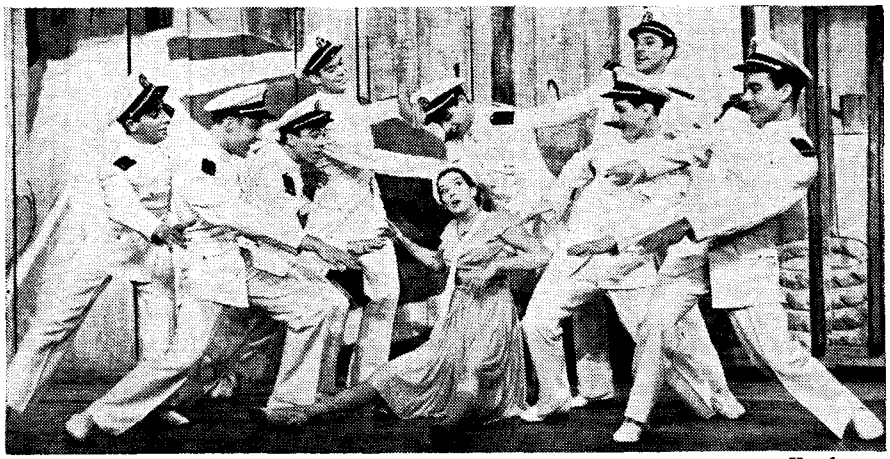
Miss Russell, unlike one of her Hollywood sisters who is camping at a theatre just two blocks north, has had the courage to do what she does best, and that is to play a role. Even at the height of one of her broadest numbers, Miss Russell is *acting* the response of a terrorized, inhibited woman forced to lead a swing ensemble on a public street. While she is inclined to be overtense, and is less a song-and-dance girl than most of our musical comedy stars, the talented comedienne is fortunately able to turn her liabilities into assets and the right kind of laughs.

An excellent and fresh cast support her. Of them, Edith Adams as the naive Eileen, George Gaynes as the handsome deep-voiced editor, Chris Alexander as the nervous drugstore clerk who responds to every contretemps by stopping to comb his hair, and the dancers Margaret Cuddy and David Lober are most recallable.

But what should be stressed is the high quality of collaboration in "Wonderful Town." Leonard Bernstein has written a score that, though only mildly tuneful, almost always has the active function of subtle caricature. For instance, his nostalgic duet, "Why, oh why, oh, did we ever leave Ohio?" moves the audience while it simultaneously makes fun of a whole genre of corny ballads.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green contribute further wit in their lyrics to songs like "One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man," and their talent for this type of thing makes up for whatever heart appeal their ballads lack. Donald Saddler's dances are inventive and exuberant, and Raoul Pène du Bois' sets and particularly his panel curtains transform the small Winter Garden stage into a magic city. Director George Abbott has woven all these elements together into the kind of fast-moving evening that if more frequent would make New York a wonderful town indeed.

—HENRY HEWES.



—*Vandamm.*

Rosalind Russell besieged by the Brazilian Navy—"turn[s] her liabilities into assets."

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SR Goes to the Movies

THE BIG SWITCH

"BWANA DEVIL," a motion picture written, directed, and produced by Arch Oboler in all three dimensions (count 'em), has ushered in the 3-D age. Its primary distinction is that it is the first feature-length stereoscopic movie; its next distinction is that audiences are flocking in to see it; beyond those, it has no distinction whatever. It is the worst movie in my rather faltering memory, and my hangover from it was so painful that I immediately went to see a two-dimensional movie for relief. Part of the hangover was undoubtedly induced by the photography process itself. To get all the wondrous effects of the stereoscopic motion picture one has to wear a pair of polaroid glasses, made—so far as I could determine—from tinted cellophane and cardboard. These keep slipping off, hanging from one ear, or sliding down the nose, all the while setting up extraneous tickling sensations. And once you have them adjusted and begin looking at the movie, you find that the tinted cellophane (or whatever it is) darkens the color of the screen, so that everything seems to be happening in late afternoon on a cloudy day. The people seem to have two faces, one receding behind the other; the screen becomes unaccountably small, as though one is peering in at a scene through a window. Everything keeps getting out of proportion. Nigel Bruce will either loom up before you or look like a puppet. Sometimes there is depth and sometimes there isn't. One thing is certain: it was all horribly unreal. I became dizzy, vaguely nauseous, and had the feeling of gasping for air.

The story, by the way, is something about man-eating lions in Africa.

As just about everyone knows by now, Hollywood has gone into a terrible tizzy about the 3-D movie. The box-office is coming back, they all say. Every studio is announcing its own 3-D process, and, just to make things more confusing, some of the studios are making movies in the peripheral vision process, or what *Variety* calls the "illusion pix." The stereoscopic processes—whether they are given the names of Natural Vision, Stereo-Techniques, Paravision, or Bolex—are based on the same general system, which has to do with the linking of two cameras for photographing a scene, and which requires the wearing of polaroid glasses. A good many movies are now in production, using one or another of the above-named systems. Truth to tell, it is highly doubtful whether any of the systems has ironed out a tremendous number of distortions inherent in the stereoscopic process. And there are always those annoying polaroids.

This is why some of the studios look with more hope upon the "illusion pix," the kind that utilizes a wide and curved screen and need no glasses. By spreading the image around the audience and by using something called stereophonic sound (three or four sound channels are utilized) one supposedly gets an illusion of depth. I carefully looked at Cinerama not long ago, and found this

Once More the Tide

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

ONCE more into the tide, O love, once more
To feel the lifting wave, the falling air,
Ranges of foaming mountains breaking clear,
Their sun-hot music thundering to the shore.
Once more to find a singing shell or two,
The starlike printings of the sandpipers' feet
Scudding along the shore; suddenly, the sweet
Wild breath of the sandflower blinking wide eyes of blue.
These are the hours our quickening hearts must know,
Not the long years for us. In moments only
Love blossoms, love dies; I swear these words are so
By all the broken and old, the weary, the lonely.
Once more the tide, O love, the lifting spray
Before the long winter breaks upon the sea.

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—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
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system full of bugs too. The three separate images thrown on the screen never did join up properly. Sometimes, too, one part of the Cinerama screen would have some depth, while another part would be just as flat as any postcard. It is quite probable that these bugs will eventually be ironed out and we will have a perfected panoramic screen, a prospect that does not fill me with joy—not after seeing Cinerama's short subjects. Meanwhile, Twentieth Century-Fox seems to be holding at least a couple of the aces with its Cinemascope, a panoramic system that throws only one image on the wide screen and is simpler to instal in a theatre than Cinerama. The studio has gone ahead and announced a heavy schedule of movies in the Cinemascope process; M-G-M will also use it for a couple.

All this, of course, has nothing to do with the making of good pictures. One of these days Hollywood is simply going to have to face up to that problem, whether the movies will be made in Paravision, Naturalama, or whatever. —Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron wanders into a French carnival and takes up with the puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

The Story of Mandy: Mandy is a seven-year-old deaf mute whose story is told in this sympathetic and adult British film. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

The Member of the Wedding: Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's moving play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

Face to Face: Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, and Hollywood collaborate here in a highly valuable "duo-drama." (*SR* Dec. 20.)

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Castellani. (*SR* Dec. 13.)

TV and Radio

ON A BRAINY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE two big television networks have finally decided that people are more intelligent on Sundays than they are during the work-a-day week. So on this day, set aside for meditation, introspection, and a general inventory of life during these times that try men's souls, they have programmed a series of shows which appeal to the minds of the viewers—or at least to those viewers who read king-sized newspapers.

On a Sunday afternoon we may tune in a whole batch of items which no self-respecting time buyer would be caught sponsoring during the rest of the week. "American Forum of the Air," "Lamp Unto My Feet," "Victory at Sea," "Man of the Week," "Here's to Your Health," and "State of the Nation," to name a few.

And for two-and-a-half solid hours the Columbia Broadcasting System, in a fit of utter abandon, has scheduled the ninety-minute "Omnibus," followed by "You Are There," which in turn is followed by the impeccable Edward R. Murrow and "See It Now."

"Omnibus" is an hour-and-a-half variety show and is usually made up of such a diversity of departments as to capture the attention of most of its viewers most of the time. But, being a variety show, "Omnibus" is to be commended not only for what it is but also for what it is not, and for what it doesn't do as well as for what it does. It has fallen into none of the cliché pitfalls in which most variety shows now flounder.

It's a quiet show. Nobody shouts, "AND HERE HE IS NOW, YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, ALISTAIR COOKE!" Mr. Cooke just wanders amiably on scene, quietly outlines what is in store for the viewer, introduces the various items on tap, and steps aside to permit his guests to perform.

And Mr. Cooke is never surprised to see one of his guests on the show. Tune in any variety show and you will find its star suddenly turn as his guest enters and shout, "Why it's Penny Singleton!" When the shock of the surprise and cued-in applause have faded the show goes blithely on as rehearsed. Mr. Cooke has thus far avoided turning and shouting, "Why it's Abraham Lincoln!"

Mr. Cooke has also refrained from thanking his guests "for being with us, and good luck to you on your new picture, soon to be released by Twentieth Century-Fox." This, of course, eliminates the reply, "Thank you for having me, Alistair, the pleasure was mine." "The pleasure was ours, thank you again and goodnight." "Thank YOU and goodnight."

"You Are There," as has already been pointed out by more objective critics, was a better radio show than it is a television show. The added dimension of sight to the anachronistic microphone at an ancient historic event has eliminated the important dimension of imagination. Seeing Walter Cronkite in a modern business suit announce the news of the day on which "The Boston Tea Party" was held doesn't come off as well on the seventeen-inch screens of our television sets as it did on the three-inch screens of our imaginations.

Edward R. Murrow would be the last to agree that "See It Now" is a half hour of personal editorial comment on the news which must soon shape or shake our world. Of course, Mr. Murrow never comments on the film he shows except to say that he thought we might like to see and hear, for instance, "two unsuccessful Presidential candidates who made speeches at the Waldorf last week."

There follow alternating clips of Thomas E. Dewey talking to Republicans and Adlai Stevenson speaking to Democrats. Skilful editing made this a wonderful study in contrasts. When it was over, Mr. Murrow turned abruptly in his chart chair before his monitor and said, "Two unsuccessful Presidential candidates and the speeches they made last week."

That was all, he said. As usual, his face was pleasantly inscrutable, but somehow I got the feeling that he agreed with me that the editorial was in favor of Stevenson. I'm sure a Republican got the feeling Mr. Murrow had just shown up Mr. Stevenson as a political wise-cracker and Mr. Dewey as a brilliant statesman. "See It Now" is that kind of show—you write your own editorial.

With these three shows ended it is now seven o'clock (EST), the witching hour when, the networks have decided, by some strange metamorphosis we revert to juvenile delinquents, and here are Gene Autry and Red Skelton and Ann Sothern in "Private Secretary," and that's enough thinking for one day.

—Goodman Ace.

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Music to My Ears

STRAVINSKY—HOROWITZ'S SCHUBERT—ISOLDE BY HARSHAW

IT IS always a gratifying thing to hear music conducted by a conductor who knows exactly what a composer had in mind, and doesn't have to cite anecdotes from a meeting in Zurich in 1924 to prove it. Unfortunately, the circumstances do not occur too regularly today, so it is doubly gratifying when the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra invites Igor Stravinsky to conduct and he responds with a program of his own music, as he did in Carnegie Hall at the end of February.

For one thing, when it comes to such works as "Pulcinella," "Jeu de Cartes," or "Baiser de la Fée" (all on this program) Stravinsky is one of the few conductors—perhaps the only one—who remembers the choreography. (Or, if he has forgotten a detail or two, he manages to improvise a new flow of movement on the podium that keeps the unseen as active as the heard.) One may say that this is an irrelevant point, and that once the music is taken away from the ballet stage it should stand on its own feet, not those of the dancers. In a sense this is true; but, to paraphrase the old one about the boy and the country, you can take the music out of the ballet, but you can't take the ballet out of the music.

Constant Lambert gave a brilliant demonstration of this when he put the ballet back into the music for his remarkable performances of Tchaikovsky with the Sadler's Wells Company. Stravinsky did it again in the works cited above by reminding us that a danced pulse tends to be slower than any other kind, for you have to allow for the limitations of the human body moving in space. In "Jeu de Cartes," especially, his was slower but also lighter and more transparent than the superficially brilliant but essentially inappropriate treatment Guido Cantelli had given with the Boston Symphony Orchestra just recently. "Pulcinella" was something of a virtuoso handful for the reduced Philharmonic personnel utilized; the men responded with good will but appreciably less than all the notes.

In terms of the mighty impact of "Sacre du Printemps" or "Oedipus" or "Symphony of Psalms," this was a program of the lesser but hardly the least of Stravinsky. Taken together it showed few measures (even in the wafer thin but perfectly realized "Etudes for Orchestra") in which the mental focus was not keenly adjusted, the tonal sense alive and functioning. The creative force in this man made one aware anew how much he has steered the channel of music in his time.

* * *

One particular sonata on the program of one particular pianist in Carnegie Hall is hardly an occasion for more than casual attention—except, that is, when the sonata is the late B flat one of Schubert, the pianist is Vladimir Horowitz, and the performance involves an audience that fills the hall from rafters to stage seats. In the Horowitz saga this was an epic in independence, attesting to his interest in a literature which, if not austere, is certainly esoteric.

I cannot answer for what happened in Boston or Los Angeles or in other places where he has recently played this work, but in Carnegie Hall it was vintage Horowitz, though rather inflated Schubert. It may be theoretically possible for an artist of Horowitz's endowment to dissemble his imposing command of the keyboard, but the practice of the studio turned out to be another thing in the preachment of the hall.

To preach as he practises, Horowitz would have to find a way of arising on a given morning, reducing all the gradations of his internal amplifying system, like the dials on a machine, for the impending occasion. Fine for the machine; futile for the musician. There is a stride, a power, a relentless force inherent in such an equipment as his which can be curbed or controlled, but not denied. The answer for Horowitz, it seems to me, lies not in the accessible melodic patterns, the agreeable expressiveness of Schubert, but in applying the block and tackle of his pianistic rigging to moving something of more ponderable displacement—say the Opus 106 or 111 of Beethoven. Along the way there were innumerable details of execution that only Horowitz could achieve, but altogether this was an instance of temperamental miscasting.

The evening also included many things which Horowitz does incomparably—especially the ninth sonata and two etudes of Scriabin, in which the bruising dissonances produced a glow of tonal flame—and one which is unique: his new arrangement of the Second "Hungarian Rhapsody" of Liszt. Through his own ingenuity, Horowitz has added a series of barbed-wire obstacles to the high-wire act postulated by Liszt. Needless to say, he encompassed both without a misstep, while holding in suspenseful attention the eyes and ears of an audience fascinated by the spectacle.

* * *

Margaret Harshaw's first Isolde at the Metropolitan put her in the select company of Olive Fremstad and Margarete Matzenauer among those who have sung Brangaene, as well as the soprano part, on this stage. Like her predecessors, she can be commended for the musicianship, the intelligence, the vocal skill which made the venture absorbing if not an unqualified success. One could admire not only the endeavor, but much of the outcome; but the final question, to me, was: how much better will this be two, four, or five years hence, when all the values have settled?

Recognizing the dangers inherent in prophesy, I venture to say that her second act, already remarkably good, can become even better. For here the kind of vocal discipline and innate feeling Miss Harshaw possesses can be merged to the most satisfying kind of musical results. But the first act is another matter. Here the interpreter must define a characterization, create an illusion of romantic appeal, make valid the thesis that Tristan is in love with her in spite of himself. To put it bluntly, Miss Harshaw's limitations of physique are not offset by the kind of vocal magnetism to balance the musical scales in her favor. Vigor and health are prizable assets in a voice, and Miss Harshaw has them; but color and warmth are the attributes of an Isolde, and she has yet to produce them.

Fritz Stiedry's steady direction of the score brought it safely to port, but I missed a feeling of sensuousness in the orchestral playing without which "Tristan" is lacking in intensity. Ramon Vinay's Tristan has not improved much, vocally, through his Bayreuth experiences, for all the splendor of his costumes; and Blanche Thebom, as Brangaene, was plainly out of voice. On the other hand, Hans Hotter

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made a potent factor of King Mark in his first appearance in the part, attesting to the triumph of dramatic mind over vocal matter. As always, Paul Schoeffler was an exemplary Kurvenal. A word of gratitude should be directed to the effort expended by the technical staff to make the old sets look at least presentable, within a budget restricted to touching-up.

Record Week

THERE are many ways of playing Beethoven on the piano, some of them good. A few of the better ones are exemplified on current discs, one involving the artistry of Rudolf Serkin, a pianist whose approach to that composer is direct, and two presenting the abilities of Claudio Arrau and Walter Gieseking, whose attitudes may be better summed up as tangential.

Arrau's history as a recording pianist is an erratic one, though it gave forewarning (in some prewar discs of English origin) of the best accomplishments of his "live" career in this country. Nothing in it, however, prepared one for the sustained excellence, the power and the understanding with which he infuses the problem-laden "Diabelli Variations" of Beethoven (joined with the earlier but also rewarding, "Eroica" Variations in Decca set DX 122, $11.70).

The net impression conveyed to me is that Arrau is primarily an objectivist, an artist capable of probing the complexities of the elaborations on Diabelli's bland theme and creating a structure sizable enough to match Beethoven's own. One does not find here the exaggerations of sentiment, the questionable degrees of emphasis which make his playing of Schumann, for example, less than appealing. No doubt that is because the emotional content is limited to begin with, the temptation to distortion of it at a minimum. Both in broad outline and in detail this is the best statement of the "Diabelli" now available, though the super-cautious may choose to wait until RCA Victor eventually produces its Schnabel set on LP. Whatever the virtues of that, it will not challenge the remarkably vivid piano sound Decca has produced by unconventional but highly successful microphone placement.

Considering his esteem as a performer of Beethoven, it is somewhat unfortunate that Serkin has not been represented more fully in that composer's sonata literature, to disperse the concentration now directed towards Wilhelm Kempff, Wilhelm Bachkaus, and Solomon (with the Schnabel restorations coming at a measured pace). According to company sources, such a program is in being for Serkin, but he does not seem disposed to do the job more impulsively.

That may eventually be the soundest policy, for the disc (Columbia ML 4620, $5.45) which pairs his performances of the E major (Opus 109) and the C major (Opus 53, "Waldstein") is a particularly satisfactory one. The same pairing is favored by Solomon (with the brief Opus 54 as bonus), but Serkin's work is more personal, deeply felt, and strongly delivered. I make special note of the Opus 109, which senses the romantic impulse at work through a *dolce* piano tone rare enough in performance and even rarer in the realm of the mechanically reproduced. His "Waldstein," like almost everybody else's, is uneven, with some sudden lunges in the first movement which recall, almost visibly, Serkin's style at the keyboard, and a clangy hardness at the climax of the rondo which belies the clinging sound he had produced only measures before. Perhaps this is an anti-phonographic work (there are such things); but no doubt is left of the player's comprehension of the composer's objectives or his determined presentation of them.

Gieseking and the "Emperor" Concerto are an old partnership, which enjoyed the admiration of many, purely as a pianistic feat (in its former demonstration with Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic) though not the esteem of most for its projection of other values in this score. Here the pianistic feat is perhaps more imposing than before, thanks to uncommonly good English recording, but I find it all a little genteel—though those who like the Gieseking treatment would probably substitute "aristocratic." I might even agree, while holding out against any temptation to call it "imperial."

Both the solo performance and Herbert van Karajan's direction are full of remarkably delicate effects (one, in the first movement, against a solo horn, is especially well turned) but they are not merged in a convincing way. The slow movement is beautifully colored, but is the final meant to ripple as Gieseking makes it do so miraculously, if irrelevantly? Needless to say, the whole scale of values is different from that of the Horowitz - Reiner. One regrettable technical lapse comes toward the end of the second side when the pitch sags, as if the tape had caught or was running slow. It is otherwise a well-rounded, suave-sounding disc, superbly faithful to Gieseking's luminous tone and the good work of the Philharmonia ensemble (Columbia ML 4623, $5.45).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Companion

By John Presland

THE soul knows her own loneliness, although
She sets the truth far from her, and attempts
This way and that way, fusion with her kind.
So friends to friends, lovers to lovers go
In a vain rapture; body, sense and mind
Cling, seeking union.
The heat grows cold,
The sad and eager hands relax their hold,
There waits for each the prison of themselves,
As at the last they know.
I stood alone, under a cloudy sky,
Upon a hushed and windless summer night,
The silky murmur of the rising tide
Covered the sandy beaches, and my eye
Slid, unencumbered, o'er its grey expanse,
Out to the pale horizon, just in sight
Across the level waters:
then I found
A hooded shape that waited by my side,
And when in loneliness I walked among
The sharp and bitter grasses of the dune,
It moved still at my elbow without sound,
Nor was there any footprint as it went,
Nor any shadow from the risen moon.

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AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page 23*)

man only is to be condemned and despised who is not in a state of transition." By focusing on Acton as a philosopher whose ideas were often in the process of revision, Mr. Fasnacht recaptures many of his complexities and subtleties as a thinker.

A far superior volume is Miss Himmelfarb's.* Lord Acton himself would probably have doubted that a woman-historian could have prepared so fine a study, for, when he was lecturing at Cambridge in the last years of the Victorian era, he is alleged to have complained that the women who attended his classes asked silly questions. He could never have said this of Miss Himmelfarb. Indeed, her book can justly be described as a triumph of American historical scholarship. Based on vast research, excellently organized, and admirably written, it is always thoughtful and often moving.

Wisely, Miss Himmelfarb decided to write not a traditional type of biography but a study of her subject's intellectual development. Acton, after all, believed that ideas were the main forces that changed the world, and it is no surprise that the drama of his life turned out to be above all the drama of his ideas. The conclusion that emerges from Miss Himmelfarb's study is directly opposed to the arguments advanced by earlier writers on Acton. "As an historian, as a Catholic, and as a Liberal, Acton was even more removed from the satisfaction of his ideals at the end of his life than at the beginning." Miss Himmelfarb finds that "there was no slow, mellowing maturation of thought, no gradual realization of long cherished dreams, no exultation of triumph." At the same time, however, she emphasizes that "Acton was a pessimist who never broke faith with his own exalted vision of what man should be. Liberty was no mere social arrangement recommended by its convenience. It was no contrivance designed to accommodate the imperfections of man."

Miss Himmelfarb's book, despite its excellence, will not be the last of the commentaries on Acton. For the depth and range of his insights into problems that plague the world of the Atomic Era make it inevitable that the man who never wrote a book of his own will be the subject of many books to come.

*LORD ACTON: A Study in Conscience and Politics. By Gertrude Himmelfarb. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 260 pp. $3.75.

Notes

EVOLUTIONARY MARXIST: It was largely owing to the influence of a Berlin plumber's son that the German Social Democratic Party did more than toy with the idea of promoting an economic revolution by democratic and parliamentary means. This man was Eduard Bernstein. In his **"Dilemma of Democratic Socialism: Eduard Bernstein's Challenge to Marx"** (Columbia University Press, $4.50), Peter F. Gay has told the story of this nervous scholar's spiritual pilgrimage.

During the period of Bismarck's repressive anti-Socialist laws, Bernstein edited the Socialist Party newspaper in Switzerland, and found time to delve in the British Museum and to write a Marxist history of the English Civil War. These were years of intellectual crisis for Bernstein. He fell under the Fabian spell and finally decided to "become clear just where Marx is right and where he is wrong." Returning to Germany in 1901 as a revisionist Marxist without a party-line, his faith in an ethical, democratic socialism drew him further into controversy. Although in 1911 he blamed fellow Germans for fostering the myth of German encirclement, three years later, in a panic, he voted with them for the war budget. It was 1916 before his disillusionment was complete; German socialism had become inextricably intertwined with German nationalism, and the bourgeoisie was betrayed.

Bernstein died just before Hitler came to power, his last years having been filled with the journalistic tilts of an elder statesman. In his life he showed, above all, that socialism could be equated with freedom. His story underlines a continuing dilemma of European socialism in the awful struggle between means and ends.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

"Careful, Senator—you're just one button away from World War III!"

INALIENABLE ENGLISH RIGHTS: While the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 did not insert any formal bill of rights into the Constitution, several safeguards for human rights were included. In his three Gaspar G. Bacon Lectures, delivered at Boston University under the title of **"How Human Rights Got Into the Constitution"** (Boston University Press, $2.50), Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard has set out to see what the framers of the Constitution had in mind when they drafted the human rights clauses.

In 1776 and earlier, much of the appeal was not to some vague abstraction called "the rights of man," but rather to those rights of Englishmen which the government of George III was denying the colonists. Some of these rights had already been enshrined in colonial charters written in England with an eye to encouraging potential settlers in America. For example, the pressure for uniformity at home would lure non-conformists to the new religious liberty which the charters guaranteed in America. Under such charters, the American people were governed for a longer time than they have been by their own Constitution.

The most important human right in the Constitution—habeas corpus—receives extended treatment in the third lecture. It is the one human right which safeguards the rest. What liber-

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ties exist without protection against the "knock on the door at 3 a.m."?

Professor Chafee here adds another to his long list of felicitous reminders that our civil liberties were not happily stumbled upon but were rather the result of centuries of struggle, often first undertaken thousands of miles away from the United States.

—J. T.

MEDIEVAL TRADE AND INDUSTRY: Neither the great Sir John Clapham nor Eileen Power, who together planned **"The Cambridge Economic History of Europe,"** has lived to see the second volume completed. In accordance with their intentions, however, the present editors, M. Postan and E. E. Rich, are following a topical treatment of the period as a whole. Volume I was devoted to agrarian life in the Middle Ages, and Volume III, which will complete the narrative, is to deal with money and finance.

Volume II, on "Trade and Industry" (Cambridge University Press, $9), opens with three introductory chapters on European trade and industry in barbarian times, under the Roman Empire, and in Byzantium. Two longer chapters concerned with medieval trade in the North and in the South follow; and three more specialized chapters on the woolen industry, mining and metallurgy, and building in stone complete the text. There is, in addition, a classified bibliography of some fifty pages.

This work is a Cambridge product in the sense that the original plans were made at Cambridge University, and that the editorial function has been performed there. The University Press has, moreover, produced a beautiful specimen of the publisher's art, adorned with maps and illustrations. Having decided on the organization of the subject matter, however, the editors have chosen outstanding specialists from among the world's scholars to discuss the separate topics, and only two of the eight chapters in this volume were written by Cambridge men. The aim has been to make this book the best thing of its kind in existence, and that is exactly what it is. A work of high scholarship, and at the same time readable, it may be recommended to laymen without reservation.

—Richard V. Clemence.

INEQUALITIES BEFORE THE LAW: In feudal times, equality before the law did not exist. A modern system of law at least pretends to be based on the concept of human equality and liberty. But is it? Robert L. Hale in **"Freedom through Law: Public Control of Private Governing Power"** (Columbia University Press, $7.50) demonstrates convincingly that inequalities before the law must follow when the state countenances economic inequalities on the part of its citizens. Government enforces a contract, yet, as Justice Holmes once remarked, "every contract is the acceptance of some inequality."

Though the Constitution affords protection against governmental power, it is sufficiently vague to leave individuals exposed to the coercive bargaining power of other private individuals. The bulk of Hale's stout volume is given over to an examination of judicial interpretations of the Constitution's guarantees of liberty, property, and equality. The slow and tortuous progress of the law would, on the whole, seem to offer less opportunity to redistribute common law rights and obligations than could be gained by the enactment of political legislation.

This is primarily a reference book for lawyers. The ordinary layman will find it heavy going, though the hundreds of cases cited are often amusing, whether they concern spite fences, Jehovah's Witnesses, or the Dayton-Goose Creek Railway.

—J. T.

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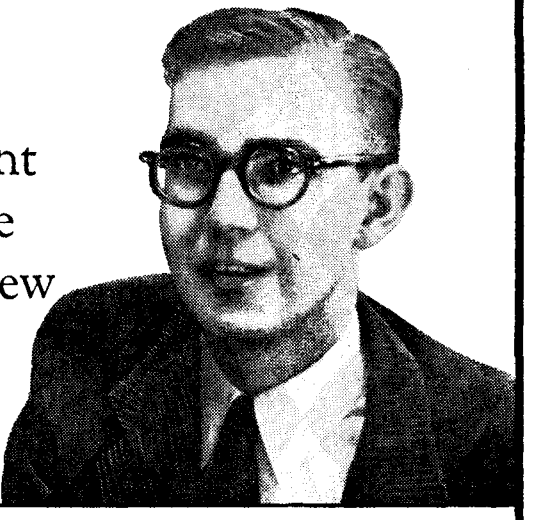

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THE ANGEL'S ROOST

Los Angeles.

AFTER a personal tour of inspection I wish to report to those who may be waiting nervously in the East that the wide open spaces are just as wide as they were when the pioneers got out here. The only thing is that they're not open any more. Los Angeles is less of a city than it is a landscape filled up with stores and houses. The brickwork, trimmed with neon, has spread over the acres like a multi-hued grass fire, making enclaves of townships like Santa Monica, Culver City, and Beverly Hills.

You can ride for twenty miles and still be on Wilshire Boulevard, and a man without a car in Los Angeles is a man adrift in the wilds of an enormous metropolis. If you plan to take a cab you had better bring your checkbook. There is no subway but municipal buses course the streets, and what they don't offer in frequency they make up in thoughtfulness. Benches with broad backs are placed two-by-two at every stop. Aside from giving comfort to the populace traveling to the corner store, a few miles distant, the benches also advertise such local services as Pangborn's Plumbing, which usually gets space alongside Malinow's Mortuary. Arden's Milk is teamed frequently with Groman's Mortuary, and Schaefer's Air Ambulance often gets the bench space next to Dr. Beauchamp, credit dentist.

Doctors, dentists, and undertakers suffer no repressions out in the palmy West. The classified telephone directory carries the bold advertisements of "The Woman M.D.—All Cases—Low Fees, Women's Diseases, Reducing, Pregnancy, and Pre-Marriage Tests." Says another:

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A third offers to treat, perhaps to cure, everything from scalp diseases to hernia. The doctor and his staff perform surgery, fit glasses, and administer colonics. Results of pregnancy tests can be had in two hours. A special department handles ulcers, Hollywood being nearby. Treatment can also be had for rashes, wrinkles, and falling hair.

As for the dentists, most of them invite you to make your own terms for payment. And several, like fast-service shoemakers, promise to repair your dental plate while you wait. The town's morticians, whose number has doubtless been swelled by the prospect of so many elderly couples migrating to Southern California during their declining years, advertise with the vigor of a breakfast food purveyor. All of them must be living at the moment in abject envy of the mortician's firm of Utter-McKinley, which during Christmas week decorated its lawn with a life-sized tableau depicting the procession of the three wise men, camels included, Christ in the manger, and models of a full modern choir with mouths open. Bathed in brilliant spotlights it made a startling effect after passing the many fields of Christmas trees, which in Los Angeles come in dusty pink, powder blue, and pale, frightened green.

Not only can you die with great theatrical flair out here, but you can eat that way too. There is, for instance, the Farmer's Market, a huge bazaar that sells everything from out-of-town newspapers to Mexican jewelry. Mostly, however, it sells all kinds of food which you can eat on the spot or take home. A bar at the market dispenses forty-two kinds of juices, including coconut, boysenberry, and potassium. The potassium is fairly bubbling with vitamins AAA, BB, G, D, and E. Another stand called Bill's Bread Bin does as much for bread. It offers Swedish pumpernickel-raisin, New York corn-rye, salt-rising bread, and home-made white cinnamon. "Buns But No Bananas," says the sign, "Bread But no Broccoli."

BUT the big talk out here in Ballyhoo-by-the-Sea is stars and pictures. If you want to see where the stars live you drive out on Sunset Boulevard under the tall, skinny palms where for a dollar you can buy a map of their homes and their pools. If you want to see where the deals are made, then you must sit by the pools of the big hotels and wait for the tycoons.

—By Hirschfeld from "Westward Ha!"

Western streetscene—ulcers, wrinkles, and Durante's nose.

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The plushy Town House, for example, has an elegant expanse of artificial water right in its own backyard, not to mention a lanai where the elite meet to eat and talk about big money and colossal pictures. It has a room where you can sip a cocktail underwater and get a fish's-eye view of the swimmers.

A landmark of comparative local importance as the ruins are to Rome is the late Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre. As you must have heard by now, the esplanade in front of Grauman's is decorated with memories of the movie great who have come to dip their extremities in wet cement. Immortal as the Temple of the Vestal Virgins are prints of Durante's nose, Jolson's knee, Joe E. Brown's mouth, Harold Lloyd's glasses, Gene Autry's horse's hoofs, and Bill Hart's pistol print. Scrawled alongside one shapely depression are the words, "Thanks Sid, Betty Grable, My Leg, 2-15-43." Another says, "To Sid, In Sincere Appreciation—Jean Harlow, September 29, 1933." Beside the legend are two tiny hands, and a pair of incredibly small high-heeled feet. And who knows but what the world needs the cement memorial to remember, for I passed a woman who pointed to a famous name and said to her little daughter, "See there, Fredric March, he wrote all those songs."

To achieve a true appreciation of the manufacture of a movie and of a star one ought to visit a studio, a more difficult trick for the casual tourist than getting an audience with the Pope. Summoning the resources of journalistic intrepidity, however, I did step behind the celluloid curtain of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot one morning to see the filming of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the hardy Anita Loos perennial which features both Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell. A sign said "Hot Set," and a publicity man hastened to explain that this meant the scenery was still being used and was not to be dismantled. Marilyn Monroe ambled by wrapped up in a pale blue wool bathrobe and looking as if she had just gotten up, which isn't a bad way to look if you are Marilyn Monroe. THEN I SPOKE TO MARILYN MONROE. I said I was fine and she said she was fine, but she said Jane Russell wasn't fine. As a matter of fact she said Jane had just left the set very ill with a cold and they were giving her penicillin. I don't know how much the penicillin cost but the waiting time was setting back the company $7,000 an hour.

This dramatic sequence on the Fox lot left the director, Howard Hawks, extremely calm. A lean and bony man with bristling gray hair, he said the production would cost about two-and-a-half million dollars, that it was to be shot in fifty-two days and actually would be brought in ten days late. Jane Russell had been borrowed from Howard Hughes, who owns her contract, for $200,000. He said Jane lives out in the valley and had to get up at five or five-thirty every day in order to be at the studio at 7:30 to be made up in time for shooting which begins daily at nine. Leaning on the rail of a Fox ocean liner called the *Ile de Paris,* Hawks told me that when this was over he would meet Gary Grant in Europe. He didn't mention getting married, which he has since done, and although he is bound for Europe the papers didn't mention if he would still meet Cary Grant.

Later we looked in on the set of "White Witch Doctor," a film of the 1950 Louise Stinetorf novel about the Bakuba tribe in the Belgian Congo, featuring that eminent woman M.D., Susan Hayward. "Susan just delivered a baby yesterday," the publicity man told me, as we tip-toed into the African scene, "I don't know what she does today." Several thatched roof huts had been built on an immense tanbark, palms sprouted out of pots hidden in the ground, savages from the Los Angeles Negro colony lounged about in loin cloths,

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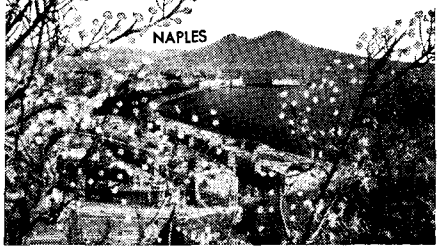

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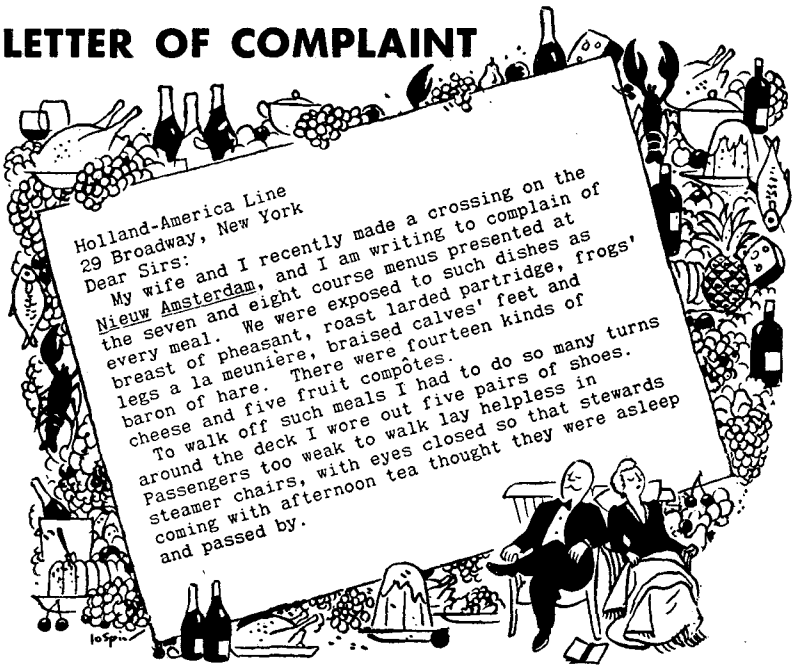
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To walk off such meals I had to do so many turns around the deck I wore out five pairs of shoes. Passengers too weak to walk lay helpless in steamer chairs, with eyes closed so that stewards coming with afternoon tea thought they were asleep and passed by.

Honestly, we do get complaints! But the one above we could do nothing about. It can, however, serve as fair warning — should you book a late summer or fall passage on the Nieuw Amsterdam, Veendam, Maasdam, Ryndam, Westerdam or Noordam to Ireland, England, France or Holland. Ask your TRAVEL AGENT!

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cables ran underfoot in a hundred black rivers, and the entire scene melted into an African mural that ringed the set like a cyclorama.

There was a cluster of talent around one hut where Henry Hathaway was directing a scene in which a rival tribe steals a sick native out of Susan's thatched hospital. Hathaway yelled, "Quiet!" The assistant director blew a whistle. "All ready, quiet," the assistant said. "All right. . . . *roll* 'em," Hathaway ordered. Two spear-carrying natives plunged into the shack and started to pull the sick man away. Susan shouted, "You can't take him! You can't take him! He's too ill to be moved!" Hathaway cut in, "Honey, it sounded just wonderful," he said, "but this time with a little more body. 'You can't take him! He's too ill to be moved!' Like that." Hathaway breathed fire into the line and all but climbed into the scene on the retake.

Although he may run into difficulty gaining a studio, the traveler who steps lively can buy a ticket to a Hollywood opening, an obligatory field exercise for the student of the movie industry. With great fortune I was able to obtain a pair of tickets to the premiere of "Moulin Rouge," and arriving in front of the theatre before eight P.M. I found five Kleig lights and uncountable kids with notebooks. The girl in the box office was wearing a white orchid, and a number of troopers from the American Legion were wearing signs that said, "American Legion Bans John Huston, José Ferrer, the U.S. Section of the Cominform," "Huston Tried to Kill House UnAmerican Activities Committee," "The Communist Press Praises John Huston," and other incontrovertible evidence of treason. Probably nobody noticed the fact that the Legion had banned the film, because an immense crowd formed in front of the theatre, the stars hopping out of their cars, which were then driven away by a dozen parking field attendants all of whom wore white coveralls. Music blared from a loudspeaker, a camerman took movies, an announcer introduced a number of personalities who said they heard this was the best picture of the year.

Among the arrivals I was able to count two monocles, one beret, one black velvet vest, and Dore Schary wearing a small cauliflower of a foreign decoration in his buttonhole. Tony Curtis wore long sideburns, Edward G. Robinson wore a bald spot, rear center, Lauren Bacall wore bangs over her eyes, and Humphrey Bogart wore bags under his. Leslie Caron looked like a frail rose without lipstick.

Whether you consider these ceremonies the wake of a moribund tribe or the ritual of a virulent industry, there seems little doubt of the thumping impression that television has made on Hollywood. One has merely to cast a glance, as I did, at TV City, the eight-million-dollar extravaganza which CBS opened here in October. Actually, the building is only the nucleus for a city which is expected to overshadow Rockefeller Center in New York. As things stand now, artists coming to perform at the studio park in their own lot, enter through their own door, receive their mail, proceed to their dressing room (all identical: shower, bathroom, and couch). Here they wait for a summons to the studio which comes by public-address system. Moving vans can drive right up a ramp and unload at the edge of a set. Scenery that is already on hand is pulled around by battery-operated trucks. Light cues are given to a board with a memory that is better than Dunninger's, and once the show is on the board flicks the proper switches at the precise time. Modern electricians are obsolete. Since no one knows just how television will grow, the corrugated steel walls have merely been bolted together. When expanding, CBS has just to unbolt and add.

In case of an air attack, TV City could also hold 30,000 refugees. The present structure has been built as two buildings which will shake separately in the event of an earthquake, each at its own rate of vibration. In case an A-bomb should knock out the cable, a reflector on the roof will carry the beam forty-eight miles to a transmitter on Mount Wilson, and the voices of Desi and Lucy will be heard in the land anyway.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELER'S TALE

BOOTY BAEDEKER: A casual skim over the counters of the world's tourist lands, **"Shopping All Over the World,"** by Helen Yates (Crowell $2.95), tells you what to shop for in what countries. The purchase price might compensate for a saving of a far larger wad of dollars by warning you about the dangers of buying fur coats and what silverware ought to have a hallmark. However, I wish Mrs. Yates had been able to get into specifics, giving her shoppers intimate tips on little-known shops. What is here is pretty general, and I wish she had upped and said Barbados is a skimpy market and Japanese pearls are expensive, but the tyro traveler might still save money and customs trouble with a reading. —H. A. S.

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HOLMES: GOODHEART

(*Continued from page 21*)

mines his letters, and there are pages of gossip which can be read with delight, but are they really important? History in its shirtsleeves may be as valuable as that which is in more formal attire, but its worth depends on one essential quality—it must possess the ring of truth. Lord Hervey was hardly an admirable character, but we read his "Memoirs" because we believe in the stories he told. Unfortunately, Laski's letters can give one no such confidence, for the obvious misstatements are more than mere embellishments.

The part played in this correspondence by Mr. Justice Holmes was only a minor one. Written by an old man, these letters do not show the originality and freedom of thought that can be found in the famous "Pollock-Holmes Letters." There are the same references to his "bettability" philosophy of life, and there is emphasis on his skepticism concerning absolute principles which has played so great a part in modern American jurisprudence, but they merely repeat what had been said before. It is a remarkable fact that from 1916 to 1919 there is only a single incidental reference to the war and to contemporary events. It is as if he had withdrawn into the world of the past. In 1927 the protests against the Sacco-Vanzetti case annoy him; he considers "the row that has been made idiotical," and he asks, "If justice is the interest why do they not talk about the infinitely worse cases of the blacks?" He appreciates "the generous knight-errantry" of Felix Frankfurter, but he does not seem to understand why the latter was prepared to sacrifice his whole career for a cause which he thought right. Holmes's skepticism, which began as a virtue, seems at the end to have turned into a vice.

The letters have been edited with meticulous care, even the most obvious slips of the pen, such as the repetition of the word "to" being bracketed. It is doubtful whether greater respect has been shown even to the works of Shakespeare. There is, however, an error in note 4, page 25, where it is stated that the Earl of Halsbury had dissented in *Daimler Co.* v. *Continental Tyre Co.* [1916] 2 A.C.307. In fact he delivered a separate speech. In this case the House of Lords held that a limited company assumes an enemy character if the persons in control of its affairs are resident in an enemy country. The note suggests the exact opposite.

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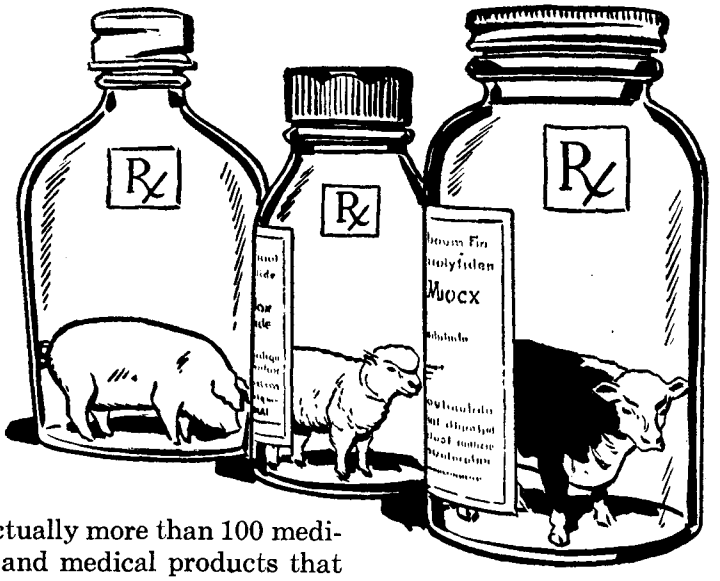

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HOLMES: RODELL

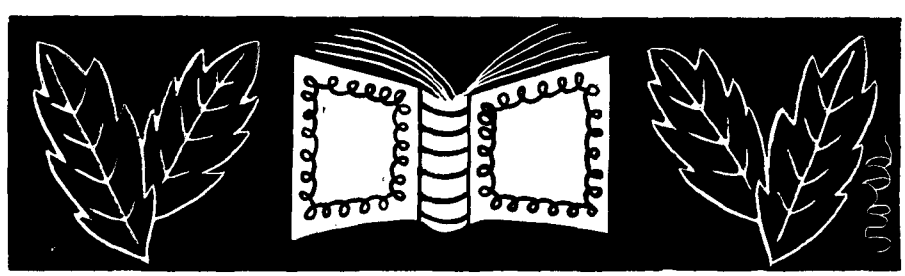
(*Continued from page 22*)

seen ("You seem," wrote Holmes, "to divide your time between the illustrious and becoming so . . ."); then the listing of latest books read, from obscure works on political theory to detective stories; finally the proud tale of books bought (for Laski was now an ardent collector), always rare, luckily found, and cheap. Sprinkle with anecdotes, high-flying gossip, and wise-cracks often wilted from repetition ("that state of resentful coma we call research")—and serve by transatlantic mail.

Despite editor Howe's warning in the preface that readers "may" find in Laski "exaggeration, distortion, and falsehood," it takes careful cumulative reading to appreciate that the bulk of Laski's journal is no diary at all but a great work of autobiographical fiction. Evidence is so abundant that a few multiple howlers must hint the whole. Thus Laski, in June 1926, commends Agatha Christie's "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" as a "great detective story" and defies Holmes to solve it; in October 1926, he has just read a "quite admirable" book of the same name and issues the same defy; in April 1928, the identical title leaves him "baffled and distraught until the end"; and in August 1929, he is "completely deceived" by a yarn called "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." Again, "Jill the Reckless" by P. G. Wodehouse is thrice discovered anew and read with delight on three different train trips; but some months after Laski has (1) "laughed until I cried," (2) laughed until "people really suspected me of lunacy," (3) "cracked my sides over it," he runs across "a Wodehouse previously unknown to me" entitled "Jill the Reckless." Of the rare books that Laski made a to-do about discovering, top prize goes to Knolle's 1606 translation (Laski always listed dates if they were old) of Bodin's "De Republica"; apparently out to corner the market, he tells of picking up copies in 1920, 1923, 1927, twice—on two different continents—in 1931, and in 1932; lucky as ever, he acquires Lord Ellesmere's personal copy once in London and once in Chicago. When such trivia as these so lend themselves to Laski's gift for romancing, it is clear that the stratospherically "tall tales about the great" in which even Frankfurter merrily concedes that he "appears to indulge"—the details of week-ends and teas and dinners with Shaw and Wells, with Lloyd George and Lord Asquith and "Winston"—rank him as no less than the Baron Munchausen of the twentieth century. Indeed Laski himself said it best when he quipped of Voltaire: "I know no better writer of letters. He is always so *à propos*, so generously malicious, and so magnificently dishonest."

READERS who do not relish magnificent dishonesty garbed as gospel can skim or skip Laski's debauches of the imagination and stick, with reward to Holmes—whose letters fill little more than a quarter of the pages. (Such readers will also save some of their eyesight from the abomination of tiny type and shiny light-reflecting paper.) Holmes's stuff—although informality and haste (he puts it once that he is "husy," for "hurriedly busy") lead to frequent neglect of the famous "lapidary style"—is still studded with nuggets for the patient prospector. To him, even husy, triteness is anathema. "The minute a phrase becomes current it becomes an apology for not thinking accurately to the end of the sentence." More than that, "an ounce of charm is worth a pound of intellect." And so: "As poetry gets the magic touch of chance from the interruption of logical sequence by the suggestions of rhyme—so my sequence is broken up by alternate recollections of things of my own to tell and what you say." Or: "An epitome of my life: my first book ends (designedly) with the word 'explained'—my last with the word 'unknown.'" And again: "How can a man take himself seriously when his view of life changes as the wind is south or west?" There is nothing essentially new of Holmes here for the initiate; the skepticism, the tolerance, the basic conservatism (he plumps successively for Presidential candidates Hughes, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Hoover), the strong safe tie to Brahmin Boston (he balks at having *auslander* Frankfurter do his official biography, preferring "some other Yankee"), the Olympian and lazy impatience with facts—all these are reflected and refurbished. Occasionally Laski's alarms and excursions bring out a new shade of emphasis as when, plied with suggested heavy reading, he blurts out: "There are few books more than twenty-five years old, except sources, that I much enjoy." (He later states flatly: "The literature of the past is a bore.") But Holmes is still Holmes—which also means that his lines sing.

One three-pronged question remains. Was Holmes really taken in by the charming charlatan to whom he was indubitably devoted; if so, how come; if not, why did he love Laski so? The evidence is strong that he was gulled from start to finish like a greenhorn at poker to whom the art of bluffing is utterly foreign. (Imagine Holmes reporting on a book he has not read or telling of a chat he has never had with a man he does not know.) Only twice does he question, and mildly, Laski's veracity. Once, when Laski sets himself up as a critic of music, the Justice chides: "I hope some day in a flush of conscience you will confess to faking a little—*pour épater les bourgeois*." Once, after Laski spins a yarn of invitation to the waltz by a sexy divorcée, Holmes finds it "hard not to suspect you of embroidering" but adds that this and an earlier amorous encounter "make bully stories." Beyond these rarities, Holmes not only swallows whole but responds straight-faced, as though to a report in the London *Times*. Beyond peradventure, this queer credulity was induced by Laski's fawning flattery of the old man from the first letter to the last. Sir Frederick Pollock once discovered how Holmes doted on praise when he wrote, of a Laski encomium of the Justice in *Harper's*, "the butter's spread too thick"—and received a hurt and humorless reply. "It does a man good to be made much of," said Holmes (of Brandeis) to Laski. The point is that if Holmes were to have doubted Laski's tall tales he would have had to doubt the soft soap too; he believed the one because he wanted so badly to believe the other. And so this correspondence reveals afresh how wholly human the Justice was, for if Laski's letters had not been written to him, Holmes would doubtless have applied to the flattery and the fiction, respectively, his two favorite epithets—"drool" and "humbug."



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SIDELIGHTS ON INVISIBILITY

(*Continued from page 20*)

magazine. However, right after the war he had come back from a trip to France with the merchant marine intending to write a novel about a Negro flyer. "I was interested in so many things," he said. "One was the nature of the hero, not just mine, but any fictional hero, and I became interested in the nature of leadership as it operated among Negroes. I was very interested in the psychological, sociological, and mechanical aspects not only of fiction but of society. I kept blundering around, and a chemistry started working, and I found myself saying, 'I am an invisible man!' That became the first line of the book. It's a mysterious process really.

"By 'invisible man' I don't, of course, mean me. I mean the book's hero. It is a concept I have played around with just to nail down certain tendencies which I have found in society. Invisibility has to do with the failure of most of us to regard the individual we contact as a human being. We resort to stereotypes. Sometimes they are innocuous; sometimes they are dramatic. On the other hand, you have the failure of the individual to exert himself, to be mature, to run the risk of humanity—and so he contributes to his own invisibility."

"Invisible Man" has been called "a violent novel," but, counters the author, "America is a violent country, and its literature is violent. Faulkner's violent. Hemingway's violent. If people want to avoid the realities of American life, they can. My life hasn't allowed me to. I see no reason why just because I happen to come out of a background which rests on slavery and violence, and where I encounter violence every day, I should deny it."

Nor is this to deny what Mr. Ellison observed abroad during the war: "that for the first time many Negroes were having the opportunity to face their real feelings for their own country, regardless of the 'second-class citizenship,' so-called. They discovered, 'This is really my home. This is where I was born. This is what I love! . . . I remember," Ellison said, "that I was pretty miserable in college—for various reasons—but I am really attached to the country around Macon, Alabama. I would fight to protect that even though there was so much down there that I hated with my whole heart. You might fight with a land, but you come to respect it and to love it. Simply because certain groups in this country tell me, 'Well, you don't belong here; you are just being tolerated,' I say, 'To hell with you.'

"After all, my people have been here for a long time, and they had to learn about it. My immediate parents went to Oklahoma right after statehood, and they fought to keep Jim Crow law from coming in, and when it did they fought to keep it from being as harsh as it was in that part of the South from which they came. And that is the responsibility of any situation. It is a big, wonderful country, and you can't just turn away from it because some people decide it isn't your country."

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—HARRY A. OVERSTREET

Not long ago there appeared in the *Saturday Review* a brief article called "How to Live in Two Worlds"—a comment on the conflict between religion and science. It evoked more reader response than almost anything the magazine has ever printed. The author, Edmund W. Sinnott, Dean of Yale's Graduate School, has now written a stimulating book which points the way toward agreement and cooperation between these two great traditions.

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By Edmund W. Sinnott

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

IN PRAISE OF BOOKS

PAPER and print, on which all literary achievements ultimately rest, are the subjects of two attractive British films currently released for 16mm. audiences. "Love of Books" is the affectionate title of a ten-minute production honoring the traditional skills of the printing arts. "In Black and White" (twenty minutes) tells the story of four centuries of paper-making. Together they give an impressive historical picture of the oldest and most powerful of all the mass media of communications and expression.

Tradition is not to be underestimated in an industry which began back in the fifteenth century with William Caxton's ornate edition of Chaucer's works. To the following generations books were considered splendid objects of art in themselves, but the advent of mid-nineteenth-century machines "drove taste and art into hiding." The desire to put human skills ahead of mere mechanical achievement came in the 1890's when William Morris rescued books from shoddy mass production and reawakened "the beautiful craft of making words." In the film Morris's daughter displays her father's most famous volume, another edition of Chaucer, made in collaboration with England's master printer, Emery Walker.

"Love of Books" further shows some of the people responsible for the high quality of Britain's present-day book industry, which boasts that it exports more titles than that of any other country in the world. The film introduces famed Penguin publisher Allen Lane, who "married good literature with good print for a matter of pence"; artist-craftsman-technician Robert Gibbings, of the Golden Cockerel Press; author Compton Mackenzie at work in his home; and the anonymous people—printer, binder, packer, salesclerk—whose combined efforts make the book a tangible good for young and old to have and to hold.

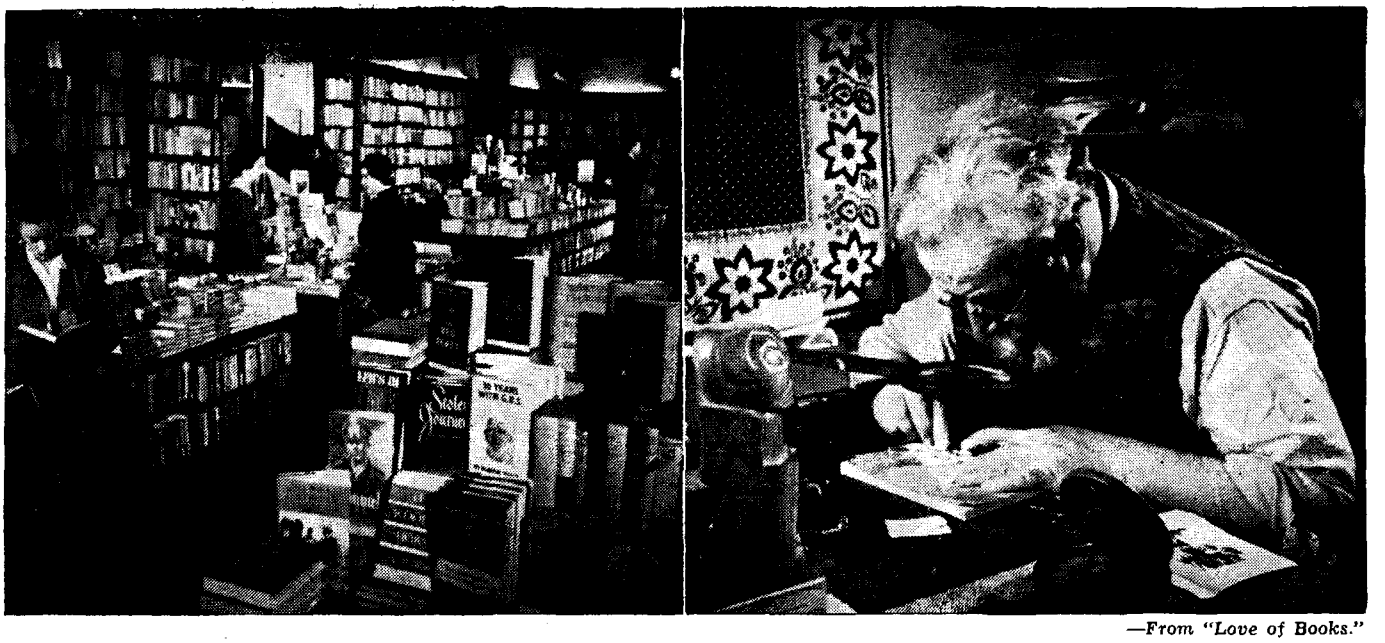
"In Black and White" begins by tracing a familiar Hamlet passage from its first rehearsal in 1603, through an eighteenth-century production and a Victorian parlor reading, to a modern-day schoolboy's classroom recitation. These words, the film reminds us, are alive today only because Shakespeare was able to set them down on paper for future generations to copy over and over again.

Rags were the raw material of seventeenth-century paper, but as they grew more scarce and costly, the search was on for a new source of pulp to fill the increasing demands of an increasingly literate world. The film re-enacts the invention of wood-pulp machines by the Frenchmen Robert and Didot, and the Englishmen Gamble and Donkin. A startlingly massive age in book production was officially opened with the printing of 250,000 copies of Dickens's "Great Expectations."

The film concludes with scenes in a modern British plant showing the world's largest paper-making machine as it turns out twenty-five-foot wide rolls at the rate of 1,250 feet a minute, without stopping. A deft touch has the tremendous paper sheet break in two, spilling itself mercilessly over the mechanical giant while tiny men hurriedly set things right. In these scenes is a remarkably succinct picture of the machine age we live in, providing tense excitement for the audience, as well as an opportunity for the film-makers to do some interesting experimentation with camera and sound.

"LOVE of Books" was made by the Crown Film Unit for the British Board of Trade; produced by F. Wilson and directed by C. Frankel. "In Black and White" was produced by World Wide Pictures; written and directed by John Rowdon. Both films are available for 16mm. rental and purchase at nominal fees from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. They may also be rented on 35mm. for use in theatres and for television showings. The only thing to be regretted is that there are no films to present the American book industry with equal skill and sensitivity.

—CECILE STARR.



—From "Love of Books."

Hatchard's in Piccadilly and Robert Gibbings the illustrator—"most powerful of the mass media."

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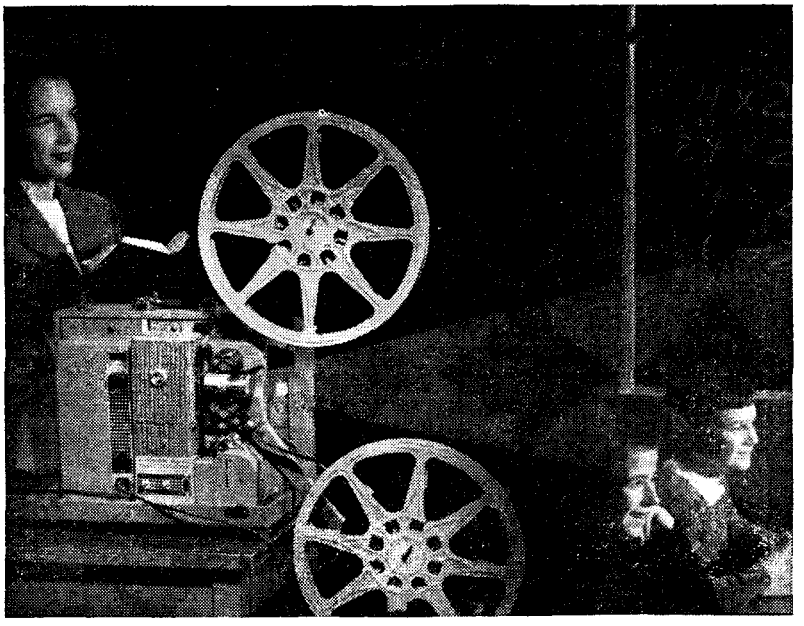

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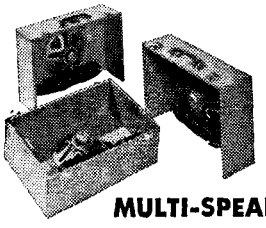

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 29*)

and frightening situations. Miss du Maurier has the gift of making believable the unbelievable, and her success with the stories in "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" may be due not only to her ardent and even savage imagery, but to the fact that her characters express the futility, the thwarted love, the cruelty, and the struggle against forces too strong to endure, that belong to the lot of all men and women everywhere.

Fiction Notes

CARDBOARD MOVIE TYPES: "Mrs. Hulett," heroine of Bertram Bloch's novel of the same name (Doubleday, $3.50), is married to an attractive and ambitious man—once a great business executive and now a prominent figure in the Administration in Washington. Mrs. Hulett has substituted for love and a career of her own the satisfaction of manipulating and directing her husband's political life. She is pretty good at this job, too. She wins a name for herself; her judgment and ability are looked to by those in high places. Life for Mrs. Hulett is a constant challenge—a challenge that she welcomes. But then Mrs. Hulett falls in love.

Mrs. Hulett is not unusual,—but "the Mrs. Huletts" are always interesting. Unfortunately, Mr. Bloch has failed to make his Mrs. Hulett interesting because she never comes to life—nor do any of the other characters in his book. It is a superficial tale, told against a backdrop of postwar Washington and the theatre in New York. His descriptions of both I found to be as superficial as his characters.

"Mrs. Hulett" is a love story about sophisticates (says the jacket). Besides Mrs. Hulett herself, there is a New York producer, an actress who loves to run around in her underpants (I suppose this makes her sophisticated) and, lastly, there is a Frenchman, Phillipe de Cassincourt, who is desperately in love with Mrs. Hulett and whose hero is De Gaulle. We never learn much more about him than this.

Emmy Hulett falls in love with the producer, leaves her husband, and goes off with the producer to New York. They have a wonderful time, buying a house, furnishing it, and making elaborate plans for the future.

Finally, Mrs. Hulett departs for Reno. The producer goes with her—but here things go from bad to worse. With only three weeks before her divorce becomes final, Mrs. Hulett finds an excuse to fly to Washington. There meets her husband, makes her peace with him, and with the help of one of his powerful political supporters, works out a method whereby she can continue to direct her husband's career. Now she need not turn her back on the exciting political life which gives her a sense of belonging in this world which, in Mrs. Hulett's eyes, is a man's world. Mrs. Hulett is now satisfied and happy. She has a man who needs her—and she has a man she loves. The producer, at last understanding what Mrs. Hulett is up to, decides he cannot marry his beautiful Mrs. Hulett.

His decision came not a page too soon for me. I found the book dull, heavy-going.

—HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS.

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS: George Sklar has steadily been developing in stature as a novelist and his third novel, **"The Housewarming"** (Crown, $3), is by all means his best. His theme is not precisely new. The man who sells his soul for success and finds that success turned to ashes has been around for quite some time, but Mr. Sklar can almost make you overlook that fact. He does so by making him really three-dimensional. He makes his other principals three-dimensional, too, and he lets them move against a vividly evoked setting of Manhattan in the depression Thirties and the war-torn Forties. Ben Warren is the hero of "The Housewarming." We pick him up at the peak of his financial success. From a struggling young designer of stage lighting in the early Thirties he had fought his way to a top position in the lighting industry. Of course there had been sacrifices along the way. His relationship with his wife Helen wasn't quite as satisfactorily close as it had been in their struggling days. He never seemed to have enough time for his children. Then there was his affair and business alliance with Eloise, who was more than pleasant in bed but decidedly less so across a business conference board. Finally, there was his deteriorating friendship with Mike. It is Mike's suicide on the night of the housewarming which is to signalize Ben's arrival at the top which sets off Mr. Sklar's story and sends Ben and Helen back into a review of their past and a totting up of the record. Mike hadn't sold out, yet he too had somehow failed. Or was it that Ben had failed him?

Mr. Sklar doesn't provide any simple solutions for his characters, but he makes you feel them—with the exception of the rather thinly drawn Eloise—as real persons struggling with real problems. Too, he adds interest and body by making the drama of struggle for business success really dramatic and believable. The result is a serious if not a profound book, thoughtful, considered, and intensely readable. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

George Sklar—"intensely readable."

REDSKIN BITES DUST AGAIN: Add another better than average Western action story to the growing list that has been coming from the publishers in recent years. Will Henry's "To Follow a Flag" (Random House, $2.75) deals with the attempt of a troupe of frontier soldiers to treat with and bring under control the hostile tribes of the Yakima Federation in Washington Territory in the year 1858. Its storyline is happily simple. All our hero has to do is to prove that he—a hard-drinking, rough-talking, insubordinate non-com—knows more about Indian fighting than his commanding officer, rescue the beautiful Southern belle from Indian captivity, battle with and best the fierce Indians, and bring the whole situation under control. This Emmett Bell does with dispatch in a series of vivid action scenes interrupted only a few times by those love passages which seem obligatory even in a Western. The author's writing, especially his dialogue, has a tendency to get a little fancy; in at least one place it gets so fancy that I still don't know what exactly happened except I have utter confidence that the wily Bell outsmarted that bad Indian. Most of the time this, like the love story, doesn't get in the way of the fast-paced narrative. —E. J. F.

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THE POSTWAR GENERATION: LITERARY CRITICISM

(*Continued from page* 13)

a condition is wholly good. These younger critics have been accused, not always maliciously, of ultra-conservatism, of depending too much upon their elders, even of carrying the methods and ideas of their elders to absurd lengths. Also, much of the writing today comes from university campuses. To a generation such as the old one, which, today at least, glories in the precarious uncertainties of the Twenties, such an atmosphere seems stultifying. So "un-academic" a critic as Malcolm Cowley complains that the present generation does not "go out on a limb," but remains secure in its G.I.-subsidized academic degrees.

Certainly there is much truth in both charges. What most critics do not wholly realize, however, is that the academic halls are no longer the ivy retreats they once seemed to be. Where the older generation fought its battles in the pages of the little magazines, the younger has found its battleground the university campus—in committees, classrooms, and even in the meetings of the learned societies. They have effected at least a partial revolution in the teaching of literature on the college level.

Perhaps the best means of getting a proper perspective on our young critics would be to imagine—if we can—the nature of an article of this kind, written in 1925, when Ezra Pound was forty years old and T. S. Eliot was thirty-seven. If I fail today to recognize any future Pounds and Eliots among our young writers, I am just as certain that no one writing such an article in 1925 could have properly imagined the critical direction our writing was beginning at that time to take. The only thing that could have been done then, and the only thing possible today, is to conduct a kind of general evaluation of what has been accomplished and to imagine, if possible, the work which might well be completed over the next two decades.

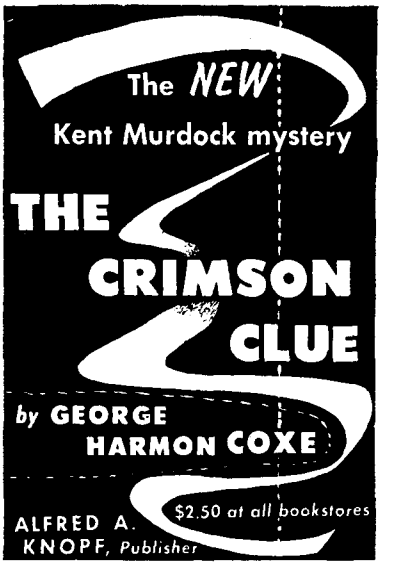
Seen in this light, I think our generation of young critics presents a body of work promising both in its amount and quality. If it lacks originality, this fact may be accounted for by youth and by the fact that they have come too late to participate in the revolution in its early stages, too early to have prepared a full-scale revolt against its excesses. Whatever these writers are likely to do in the future, they will certainly not merely ape the manners of their elders. The bounds of literary analysis advocated by Eliot, Blackmur, and Tate have already been stretched to the limit. The appeals of social criticism, except in a more literary way than it has been practised by Van Wyck Brooks and Bernard DeVoto, does not appeal to them. Concern with problems of a national or a regional litera-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TALL DOLORES *Michael Avallone* (Holt: $2.75)	6'3" client, female, hires NY Op. Ed Noon to find her man, her dough.	Blood flows quickly; cops old meanies; an incredible performance.	No, no, no!
THE BIG HEAT *William P. McGivern* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Phila. cop's suicide gets hush-hush treatment; Sgt. Bannion turns in badge, goes to work.	Swell start, but grows cosmic; on whole solid, painstaking, interest-holding.	Good
THE NAKED SPUR *Allan Ullman and Rolfe Bloom* (Random House: $2.50)	Far West, 1870: Kansan tries to take bad man home for reward; meets competition.	Short, tense yarn; only five characters; nice exercise in suspense.	Good
TALES TO BE TOLD IN THE DARK *Basil Davenport, editor* (Dodd, Mead: $3)	Fourteen chillers, picked by a master hand: Saki, Machen, Dunsany, Thurber, et al.	Yarns are "arranged for reading and telling aloud"; unusual and fascinating collection.	Prime specialty

—SERGEANT CUFF.



Leslie Ford's
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When revenge is the motive and terror the weapon behind a Congressional investigation, then
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SCRIBNERS

For those who like to discover their own classics:
A DOG'S HEAD,
the astonishing novel by
Jean Dutourd—whom
The New Yorker calls
"a satirist of the first rank."
$3. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN
David Lee Clark's
definitive biography. $6.00
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ture, except as it relates to an author's relation to a place, seems unnecessarily narrow and unrewarding.

LET us look first at the record as it is represented in books published. Alfred Kazin's "On Native Ground" is a sweeping evaluation of American letters, rich in insight, if often mistaken in its general judgment. John Aldridge's "After the Lost Generation" is an attempt to deal with the problems of values in the modern world in terms of two recent generations of American writers. Stanley Edgar Hyman's "The Armed Vision" examines modern criticism and suggests by its evaluation a direction it might take. Richard Chase's "Quest for Myth" is an investigation of the various explanations of man's psychic patterns and its relation to literature. Hannah Arendt's "The Origins of Totalitarianism" studies the history of intolerance and the type of mentality which leads to racial persecution. Frederick J. Hoffman's "Freudianism and the Literary Mind" examines the use of Freudian concepts in modern literature. Hoffman's "The Modern Novel in America" makes firm, though brief, judgments of our novelists since the turn of the century. William Van O'Connor's "An Age of Criticism" does the same for critical movements. Hyatt Howe Waggoner's "The Heel of Elohim" traces the appearance of moral thought in the poetry of our time. Book-length studies of various authors have been made: Herman Melville and Emily Dickinson by Richard Chase, Stephen Crane by John Berryman, Sherwood Anderson and William Faulkner by Irving Howe. Wallace Stevens by William Van O'Connor, Hart Crane by Brom Weber, Ezra Pound by Hugh Kenner and H. H. Watts, Ernest Hemingway by Philip Young, W. B. Yeats by Richard Ellman, André Gide and Thomas Hardy by Albert Guerard, Jr., James Joyce and Stendhal by Harry Levin, and France Kafka by Charles Neider.

It may be objected that these are books, not essays, even though they are books of criticism. Chapters from many of these works appeared first in the literary quarterlies, and in some cases books grew from critical essays. None of these authors has published books of assorted essays of the type represented by Eliot's "The Sacred Wood," Tate's "Reactionary Essays," or Ransom's "God Without Thunder." Perhaps it is because they prefer the more complete study of a person or a genre. Most likely it is because of their youth and because the publishing world does not today look favorably upon the publication of volumes of miscellaneous essays.

What are the principal interests of this generation, and what do these interests tell us of the present or the future? In the first place, there is an increased interest in accepted psychological and anthropological views of man and the world, particularly as they are related to the creative consciousness. Both in their critical writing, and in their writing in other forms—for many of these authors are poets and novelists and short-story writers as well as critics—there is a re-examination of the physical basis of living and of artistic creation. The physical reality of the unconscious memory and the racial mind seems a meeting place for both lost faith and recurring hope and a justification of much great writing of the past and present. Secondly, there are those who have devoted most of their energy to a re-examination of the systems of belief by which moral conduct has been regulated or great literary works enriched in the past, and this interest has led to a revived concern with religious and philosophical matters as they relate to literature.

Here it must be remembered that both the inherited religious beliefs and the unquestioned faith in reason and science were either under serious attack or destroyed before most of these young authors were born. Today's writer under forty was born the year World War I broke out in Europe after a period of fateful security, and he grew up to participate, in one way or another, in World War II. During adolescence they experienced one of our severest economic depressions, and the literature they were nourished on included the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Eliot's "The Waste Land," and the *New Masses*. This is one side of the story. For they participated in great revivals too. They were led to an interest in Dante, French literature, and to a reflection of their own world through the eyes of Renaissance English verse. They have probably read more widely in European literatures than any other generation of American writers since Emerson. They have recovered Henry James, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and Mark Twain from the detractors and the academics. They were among the first to know the complete Emily Dickinson. If they are a "lost generation"—as many continue to maintain—it is a kind of "lostness" very different from their elders. They are a generation still in the process of discovering its own identity and desperately engaged in that occupation.

What does this all mean? I am not sure that I know, or, as I said earlier, that anyone can know. We may be, as some would maintain, in for a period of dulness in criticism. Certainly the next twenty years are not likely to be as exciting as the last. We may be entering a period of relapse—a swing away from what has been seen as an excessive preoccupation at the expense of more creative forms. Whatever has happened, however, the present generation has educated itself in a way few earlier generations have. Whatever is to happen in the future, the responsibility will lie with them, the critics who today are just coming into their own, those who are now forty years of age or younger.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOWN THE CALENDAR

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits the names of a dozen works each of which has the name of a calendar month in the title, and asks you to identify each with its author (the authors themselves are scrambled at the right). Allowing 8.33 points for each correct answer, a score of 58.31 is fair, 66.64 better, and 74.97 heartening. Answers on page 58.

1. Captain January
2. February Hill
3. Middlemarch
4. Black April
5. Nuts in May
6. June Moon
7. July '14
8. Light in August
9. The Last September
10. October Fire
11. Now in November
12. Return in December

( ) William Faulkner
( ) Cornelia Otis Skinner
( ) Elizabeth Bowen
( ) Josephine Johnson
( ) Victoria Lincoln
( ) Julia Peterkin
( ) Eleanor Mayo
( ) George Eliot
( ) Cora Jarrett
( ) Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman
( ) Emil Ludwig
( ) Laura E. Richards

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SCIENCE

(Continued from page 33)

a practice of purchasing ethnological material just before breaking up camp at each locality, and many boxes of native instruments, baskets, and carvings were sent home to enrich the museums at Cambridge.

Nine months were spent at various sites, ranging from cold and misty forest-covered highlands where torrential rains often made a problem of drying skins, to hot and steaming sections of river-bottoms where the thermometer seldom ventured below ninety degrees in the shade. The author timed his visit to coincide with the rainy season, for during the dry periods most amphibians are likely to be inactive. After heavy rains, flowers bloom where there had been only sun-scorched bushes, insects appear in profusion, and the whole animal world seems to come to life. Only at such times can one hope to fill his collecting bags with snakes and frogs and lizards.

For the first half of the safari, or *ulendo*, as it is termed in that part of the Dark Continent, the author was accompanied by his wife, Mary, and by her sister Billy, the latter acting as driver of the Dodge truck provided for the expedition. Both girls distinguished themselves during their part of the trip, Billy for successfully piloting the heavily laden truck over roads never intended for such a vehicle, and Mary for gleefully bringing a live cobra back to camp, securely tied by its middle to a short-handled hoe. Each day the girls sloshed through marshes and creeks or overturned stones in the never-ending search for specimens. They also acted as expedition photographers.

On one occasion Loveridge wanted some frogs from a certain lake. Upon arriving he discovered that lack of rain had shrunk the lake to a very small area completely surrounded by soft mud, so that it was impossible to get anywhere near the water. It looked like no frogs from that lake. But acting on a hunch, Loveridge shot an ibis as it flew over his head, coming from the water's edge, and the party recovered four or five of the desired frogs from the bird's craw.

Mr. Loveridge writes with a keen sense of humor, his smooth style making the book a pleasure to read, even for one who doesn't know a sedge frog from a tree lizard. After a few chapters one feels that he knows the personalities of the porters, the bird skinners, the cooks, the "wood and water" boys, and the others that go to make up the *ulendo*. One also meets the various government officials, some helpful and some officious, and, so far as the native population is concerned, gets the impression that present-day Africa is a curious mixture of ancient superstitions and modern "time-and-a-half-for-overtime" ideas.

For every animal that is added to the collection of skins and pickled specimens, Mr. Loveridge gives us its scientific name; footnotes take care of the few that were new or unidentifiable on the spot. This makes the book important for professional herpetologists, but this reviewer cannot stress too strongly that it is just as interesting to the layman. One learns much about the natural behavior of the cobra and deadly mamba, a giant frog that eats birds, and many others, while such diverse animals as leopards, bats, baboons, and crocodiles stalk or fly throughout the book.

Subaqueous

By James L. Rosenberg

I WILL go where night moves like a mist among the stars
And all is quiet-carved and beat to silvern silence.
No violence is there; I will be peaced to purity and washed
To wisdom by white tides of flowing and of light,
And bright as bones beneath the sea my thoughts will lie
And bud forth pink rosettes into a coral labyrinth of dream.
Flame will not blacken whiteness there, nor worm sicken
The hurt rose; only the work of water carving rock
And the hushed recurrent shock of sea-green time
From smoke-gray night to phosphorescent dawn; from time to timelessness
Some silver supple shape may flash among the reeds,
Among the flowing weeds, to vanish in a flirt of fins, like a falling star.
The fractured houses, motionless in underwater moonlight,
White will stream upward through refracted deeps of green.
And evermore forevermore the surface of my dream
Will give back gleam for gleam to a silent blaze of stars.

Those Green Little Men

FLYING SAUCERS. By Donald H. Menzel. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 319 pp. $4.75.

By Fletcher Pratt

PROFESSOR Donald H. Menzel, who is peculiarly qualified for his task by being an astrophysicist well acquainted with meteorology, here takes up the most controversial scientific question of our time—the flying saucers. It is not too much to add that he takes it all apart, in a highly civilized and rational manner and without raising his voice. When he is through there is not much more to be said, not even by Frank Scully, who did so much to start the excitement, or by the Air Force, which kept it going by a series of bureaucratic blunders.

Dr. Menzel begins with the observations of Kenneth Arnold, the businessman and amateur aviator whose unexpected observation started the furor in 1947, lists the other observations, giving full and perfectly fair descriptions of what each person saw; and then clears the ground away by eliminating the obvious or admitted cases of hoax. He then proceeds to do what none of the proponents of the extraterrestrial theory have thought of doing—he examines the records of the past. From this examination emerges something not very comforting to the extraterrestrialists; namely, that there have been flying saucers around since Biblical times, only people didn't call them that. There was a big seeing in 1897, for instance, generally referred to as airships. There was another in 1882, seen by numbers of people, some of them astronomers who put spectographs on the flying saucer. This was peculiarly fortunate as it established the giant saucer as almost certainly an auroral phenomenon in a turbulent layer of upper air.

Similarly with all the other saucer appearances; they have explanations. Dr. Menzel does not question that people saw something and he reprints the more important photographs, including those of the Lubbock lights. But he does question most severely the interpretations put on these seeings by people who wanted desperately to believe in something sensational, and even more severely he questions whether any of the saucers were solid objects.

What were they, then? No one an-

Edmund W. Sinnott, author of the recently "Two Roads to Truth," is dean of the Yale Graduate School.

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swer will do, as should be evident from the almost fantastic variation in the sizes, shapes, and colors reported seen. Among the many answers are mirage, auroral phenomena, formations of ice crystals in the upper air, sun dogs, moon dogs, reflections of earthly objects or the moon on layers of mist so thin as to be practically invisible from the ground, weather balloons and their shadows, radar ducts caused by temperature inversion, meteors, lenticular clouds in broken light, and, in the famous Arnold case, a thin layer of cloud or dust shattered to fragments by air rising along a hogback, but still capable of giving off brilliant meteorological reflections to exactly the right angle.

In other words, almost anything but little green men from Venus or educated bees from Mars. It is rather a pity that a good scientist had to take time from his work to clear up this clotted nonsense, but now that he has done it we can all be glad he did, and it certainly makes good reading.

Just Published

Lack of space prevents us from reviewing this week the books described below. In many instances, however, reviews will be published in early issues.

THE ART SONG. By James Husst Hall. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $4.50. American, English, French, German, and Russian schools of composition are compared primarily in respect to the techniques they employ in relating text to music and vice versa.

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE. By Richard Gordon. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.75. With humorous aplomb a young British doctor describes the trials and antics of a group of medical students.

ECONOMIC ESSAYS. By R. F. Harrod. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50. Written over two decades, these critiques by a noted English economist cover a variety of subjects, from population to competition. Mr. Harrod is author of "The Life of John Maynard Keynes."

ENCHANTED ISLAND. By Walter Lowrie. New York: Philosophical Library. $3. The island of Ischia near Naples receives the accolades of a traveler who has fallen in love with it and who recounts its historical and literary past.

THE ENGLISH PRIMERS (1529-1545): Their Publication and Connection with the English Bible and the Reformation in England. By Charles C. Butterworth. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $6. The author of "The Literary Lineage of the King James Bible" examines the religious handbooks that enjoyed tremendous popularity in the sixteenth century.

EXPLORER'S ENGLAND. EXPLORER'S SCOTLAND. By Martin Thornhill. New York: Roy Publishers. $4 each. Unexplored as well as historic spots are described for the benefit of potential and armchair travelers.

GERMANY PLOTS WITH THE KREMLIN. By T. H. Tetens. New York: Henry Schuman. $3.75. The director of the Library on Germanic and Related International Problems presents evidence to show that a line of contact exists between Bonn and Moscow which bodes ill for the United States.

FREUDIAN PSYCHO-ANTICS. By Maurice Natenberg. Chicago: Regent House Publishers. $2. An attack on the techniques and practitioners of psychoanalysis.

JAMES I. By Charles Williams. New York: Roy Publishers. $3.50. A noted English poet and essayist portrays "the most grotesque of our Kings," the son of Mary Queen of Scots.

JAMES STEWART, EARL OF MORAY. A Political Study of the Reformation in Scotland. By Maurice Lee, Jr. New York: Columbia University Press. $4. The first full-dress historical study of James Stewart, bastard brother of Mary Queen of Scots, who successfully led the Calvinist nobility against the sixteenth-century Catholic Church of Scotland.

LIVING TIME. By Maurice Nicoll. New York: Hermitage House. $4.50. A British psychologist picks up strands of thought from his earlier study, "The New Man," and, following the footsteps of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, expands them into an explanation of a continously living past and a six-dimensional world.

MARRIAGE, MORALS, AND SEX. By Sidney Ditzion. New York: Bookman Associates. $4.50. Next to the weather, the most talked about subjects from Puritan times to those of Kinsey have been the ones chosen by Dr. Ditzion, a City College librarian, who offers a history of American attitudes.

MONKEY ON MY BACK. By Wenzell Brown. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $3.50. A first-hand account of the author's attempt to salvage several lives embroiled in drug addiction, with explanation as to how drug buying and selling festers in slum areas.

OUT OF THE MIDWEST. By Frank Siedel. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $2.50. In an informal and popular vein, Mr. Siedel retells the stories of such colorful regional figures as Clarence Darrow, Zane Grey, Knute Rockne, and Clark Gable.

THE PILGRIM READER. Edited by George F. Willison. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The author of "Saints and Strangers" supplies comment to link the records left by prominent Colonial figures. Wanderings from the shores of the Old World to those of the New and experiences in the various settlements till the end of the eighteenth century are included.

PHANTASY IN CHILDHOOD. By Audrey Davidson and Judith Fay. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. Dr. Davidson, a psychoanalyst, and Miss Fay, a writer and teacher, discuss and illustrate a varied set of children's experiences and fantasies and cautiously suggest interpretations.

THE PROTESTANT CRUSADE: 1800-1860. By Ray Allen Billington. New York: Rinehart & Co. $6.50. A reissue of a study on anti-Catholic prejudice in early nineteenth-century America.

THE SEA WALL. By Marguerite Duras. Translated by Herma Briffault. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.50. A widow and her children take a pounding from the Pacific, which inundates their land and life in this novel with a French colonial setting.

7 ARTS. Edited by Fernando Puma. New York: Permabooks. Paperbound, 50¢. A brilliant array of figures represent all art fields in a symposium of text and pictures, some old, some new, but all stimulating.

SWORDS OF ANJOU. By Mario Pei. New York: The John Day Co. $3.50. Mr. Pei, known for his work in the field of linguistics, essays the novel form to recreate the chivalric and bellicose spirit of Charlemagne's eighth century.

THESE MARRIED PEOPLE. By Corinne Running. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. Intra- and interdomestic psychological maunderings link three families in the web of this story.

21 VARIATIONS ON A THEME. Edited by Donald Webster Cory. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $3.75. The theme is homosexuality and the literary variations are provided from the writings of such notables as Sherwood Anderson, Guy de Maupassant, and Stefan Zweig.

U.S. 40. By George R. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5. The portrait of a well-traveled transcontinental highway in text and photographs.

WANDERLUST. By Hans deMeiss-Teuffen and Victor Rosen. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. $3.75. A passion for real-life adventure took Mr. Teuffen to Africa, Asia, America, and Europe in capacities that ranged from farming to hotel managing to banking.

THE WHEEL AND THE HEARTH. By Lucia B. Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Moving from hearth to hearth in the rugged pioneer days with its countless dangers, Michael and his wagonload of family responsibilities provide the subject of this Western.

WHY DID THEY KILL. By John Bartlow Martin. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢. Sometime ago the killing of a nurse by three teen-agers made the headlines. Mr. Martin digs into the background of the trio and their social environment for answers to his query.

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES. By Helen Chappel White. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75. A deeply personal recounting of the psychological upheaval created by the news of the death in Korea of Mrs. White's son and her struggle to find spiritual balance.

THE WORDS OF JUSTICE BRANDEIS. Edited by Solomon Goldman. New York: Henry Schuman. $3. The late and noted jurist's views on significant contemporary matters topically arranged.

EDITOR'S NOTE—After *SR*'s issue of Feb. 21 was on the press, word was received from Farrar, Straus & Young that Frank Gibney's "Five Gentlemen of Japan" ($4), reviewed in that number, had been postponed until March 16. *SR* regrets any inconvenience this may have caused readers seeking a book which Kenneth Scott Latourette recommended as "a thoughtful, charmingly written, well-balanced interpretation of Japan, with especial emphasis upon the recent years. . . . If the busy American can find time to read only one book on Japan, this is the one it should be." —S. M.

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In the Image of Time

EVOLUTION IN ACTION. By Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 182 pp. $2.50.

By EDMUND W. SINNOTT

THIS important addition to Professor Huxley's list of books on evolution is concerned primarily with the significance of the process for man and human destiny. All reality, says the author, is evolution. From atoms to the human spirit there is a one-way process in time which continually generates variety and novelty. Man should be thought of not *sub specie aeternitatis* but rather *sub specie evolutionis*. The static order, the closed system, is everywhere opposed to this great progression of the universe.

The first portion of the book is given over to a description of the evolutionary process in terms of modern biology and especially to the role in it of natural selection. This will serve as a valuable refresher course to those who want to bring their Darwinism up to date.

The author's chief concern, however, is to show that evolution leads to *progress*. The lifeless universe is a chaotic jazz dance of particles and radiations, without purpose or significance. The history of living things, on the other hand, displays a steady increase in complexity even though inheritable variations seem completely random and directionless. Natural selection, Mr. Huxley believes, gives direction to this chaos. He argues persuasively that evolution has produced real improvement in living things, more efficient biological machinery; real advance, or long-term improvement, to be judged by its highest, not its average, attainments; and real progress, improvements which do not come to a dead end but open the way for further improvement. This position involves value judgments and may seem to raise the old bogey of teleology, but the author makes it the foundation of his philosophy. It is remarkable, he admits, that the blind forces of mutation and selection should have resulted in progress and the emergence of values.

In this evolutionary process another notable fact is that mind appears and increases in importance, culminating in those conscious purposes which have now become the chief factors in human progress. Since nothing can be developed through natural selection that is not useful, argues Professor Huxley, mind must be no epiphenomenon but an operative part of life's mechanism and necessary in evolution. "This at one stroke overthrows all theories of materialism, for they deny the effective reality of mind." Many philosophers, however, will doubt that materialism can be demolished as easily as this!

Life has two aspects, material and mental; parts, perhaps, of a single underlying reality or world substance. Here it seems to the present reviewer that Professor Huxley has neglected one essential quality of all life that might help to clarify his argument. Living things, both in their development and their physiological activities, are organized, self-regulatory systems. An embryo, disturbed experimentally in its course of growth, will tend to readjust itself and produce a normal individual. Body temperature, blood sugar, and a hundred other things are regulated by the "wisdom of the body." All living stuff tends to reach or maintain norms or goals. It may be argued that all behavior is fundamentally self-regulatory and preservative; that this quality, intensified in the nervous tissues of the higher animals, is the basis of mind; and that protoplasmic goals, developed there from primitive origins and subjectively experienced, are what we call purposes. Mind may thus be accounted for as a fundamental tendency of all living stuff to maintain itself. It can develop without limit, but its germ is in every living cell. Some psychologists today are beginning to interpret their science in terms of such self-regulatory or homeostatic reactions.

However this may be, the very great advance that man has made is the result of improvements in his mind which enable him to use language and accumulate a common pool of experience. This is real progress for it opens up enormous possibilities for future advance, for the realization of fresh goals, and for the exploration of new regions of evolutionary opportunity. All man's life should be looked at against the background of this great progression. Whatever promotes man's fullest development is morally right, whatever hinders it is wrong. In man the struggle for existence has been largely superseded by the struggle for fulfilment; a struggle with external obstacles and enemies within ourselves. For success here, freedom and the method of scientific inquiry are vitally important. "The nearest to an ultimate that we can discern in human life is not an absolute but a trend —the trend toward greater realization of possibilities by means of the cooperation of integrated individual personalities."

In sum, the destiny of man is to be the agent of the world process of evolution, to utilize the limitless resources of human beings, and to lead them on to new heights. Here is the germ, says Professor Huxley, of a new religion of Evolutionary Humanism, not necessarily supplanting older ones but supplementing them; a recognition, at the highest moral and spiritual levels, of the relation between man and his destiny.

The Place

By Lionel Wiggam

This is the place I promised; it's for you,
A guileless range of hills, ravines, and gullies.
Here is a heaven unconditionally blue,
With no grim crawling thing to spoil the valleys.

Within this atmosphere, all mild and pearly
As in the glimmering precincts of a shell,
You will explore the gracious fields securely.
And you will come to know them well.

The beasts you may encounter here are friendly,
The hills are high and ever sweet to lie on,
The winds will lean across your shoulders gently.
The grass is soft enough to sleep or die on.

But you will hardly die; there is no rot here,
Where every leaf is green and each bud new.
You will forget the terrible way you got here.
This is the place I promised; it's for you.

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Science Book Notes

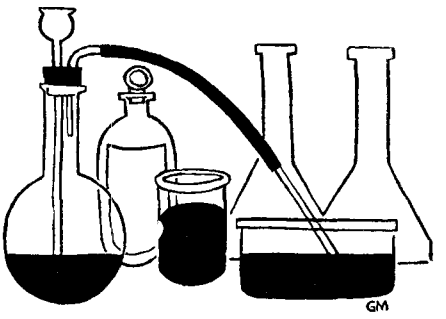
THE ATOMS FOR EVERYMAN: The history of atomic energy has been recounted many, many times. J. C. Feinberg's **"The Atom Story"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75), however, deserves special mention because it is not only authoritative but thoroughly popular in the best sense of the word. The book must have been fun to write; it is certainly fun to read. It includes, along with facts and explanations, a sprinkling of anecdote and personal opinion without which even the clearest writing may be dull. Dr. Feinberg, a British biochemist with a flair for journalism, presents the usual account of the development of atomic theory from the Greeks to the present, the Manhattan Project, and implications for peace and war. He devotes a special attention to postwar developments, and reserves some telling remarks for a bluff that did not come off.

Two years ago General Juan Peron announced that his physicists had achieved atomic fusion, the process used to produce the sun's energy and the explosive power of hydrogen bomb. The author promptly wrote a dead-pan letter directly to the Argentine dictator, requesting permission to witness the new experiments. The request was politely refused with "mucho lamento," and subsequent events leave little doubt that the whole thing was a colossal fake. Another claim is taken somewhat more seriously. It has been said that work on the hydrogen bomb is purely military, that atomic fusion can never be used to produce electric power for peaceful purposes. But Dr. Feinberg cites estimates that we may be able to harness fusion within a century. The book does not close on a reassuring note, which will surprise no one. Its thesis is that the future depends on the human race—and the human race is described as "the one disorderly element in this otherwise orderly universe." —JOHN PFEIFFER.

THE BALLOONING COSMOS: One of the most stimulating and revolutionary theories in the history of astronomy—the theory of the expanding universe—was founded about twenty-five years ago by a Catholic priest, Abbé Georges Lemaitre of Belgium. In **"The Expansion of the Universe"** (Macmillan, $6) Dr. Paul Couderc of the Paris Observatory, an advocate of Lemaitre's views, presents a fascinating account of the ballooning cosmos. Although parts of the book are too technical for the layman, many central ideas are expressed clearly and vividly. Some four or five billion years ago all the matter of the universe was compressed into a volume no greater than that of Mars. Then came "a titanic radioactive explosion," a burst of radiation many times more powerful than a legion of atomic bombs detonating at once. "Today's cosmic radiation whose energy still surpasses any we know is nothing but the survivor, the senile descendant, of the stupendous radiation from which . . . the universe was born."

Certain aspects of this spectacular theory have been challenged in more recent times. Some investigators believe that matter originally existed in the form of a dense neutron gas rather than a massive chunk, and that cosmic rays may be relative newcomers rather than veterans. Other theories, including the one recently popularized by Fred Hoyle in "The Nature of the Universe," differ far more radically from the one presented by Lemaitre. Only research can settle among them: "New ideas—some mere readjustments, others quite fantastic in their novelty—are experiencing an extraordinary efflorescence. . . . We lack the support of data, and it is time that observation took over again. Everything possible has been extracted from existing observations . . . we would be wise to give our imaginations a rest." —J. P.

LIFE ON THE SEASHORE: As a rule, books about the ocean deal largely with things to which most of us are strangers—unusual creatures, submarine canyons, the movements of great water-masses, storms in the open seas. In **"Life of the Shore and Shallow Sea"** (McBride, $3.95), Douglas Wilson has marked out a different area for himself. He writes about the near-at-hand, unstartling things such as seashores and common fish and tidal pools. Dr. Wilson, a zoologist at the Plymouth Station of England's Marine Biological Association, adds to what we already know and demonstrates that extremely interesting material may be found in familiar as well as unfamiliar waters. He describes some of the ingenious tricks which fish have evolved to avoid their enemies and catch their prey. People who think of flat fish solely in terms of filets should read his account of how the flounder automatically camouflages itself as it



swims over different types of sea bottom.

This is a book of first-hand observations by a trained and enthusiastic observer. Dr. Wilson stops at nothing in his search for specimens. For example, he managed to explore the underpinnings of a large and isolated railroad wharf: "Trains rumble overhead, the light is dim and everywhere muddy water drips from the cross-struts of the piles supporting the wharf. Here in the wildest weather there are no waves worthy of the name . . . We examine the sponges and other organisms covering the piles, old wire ropes and anything else that will serve for attachment. How different they are from those we find on a normal shore!" Also included are more than a hundred remarkable photographs taken by the author, some with the aid of photoflash bulbs and a miniature tripod. The ocean has been receiving considerable publicity lately, and Dr. Wilson's book is a fascinating contribution to the campaign. —J. P.

THE STORY OF WEATHER: Denning Miller, a science writer and member of the Institute of Navigation, has written in **"Wind, Storm, and Rain"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95) a clear and fresh popularization of the science of weather. The picture he presents is a vivid one, of complex phenomena that take place "in an enormous greenhouse whose roof circles the world at an altitude of some six to ten miles." Weather is explained as a dynamic thing involving chilled air masses that sweep down from the Poles and collide on fronts thousands of miles long with warm masses from the tropics. The earth's spin mixes these basic ingredients to produce the storms and hot spells which upset our plans.

Recent discoveries about events in the upper atmosphere are also reported. During the war over Japan high-flying B-29 bombers often encountered unexpected and surprisingly powerful winds that disrupted carefully calculated flight schedules. The winds would drive planes far off their courses or, moving head on against the direction of flight, reduce ground speed so much that crews would find themselves with dwindling fuel sup-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Laura E. Richards. 2. Victoria Lincoln. 3. George Eliot. 4. Julia Peterkin. 5. Cornelia Otis Skinner. 6. Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. 7. Emil Ludwig. 8. William Faulkner. 9. Elizabeth Bowen. 10. Eleanor Mayo. 11. Josephine Johnson. 12. Cora Jarrett.

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plies and short of their target. After considerable study, weather scientists identified the cause of the trouble—the "jet stream," a ribbon of air a few hundred miles wide and rushing at maximum speeds of more than 200 miles per hour. Mr. Miller tells how the antics of the jet stream are being recorded to aid important research on such matters as long-range weather forecasting. "Wind, Storm, and Rain" is a stimulating experiment in the art of explaining science to laymen.

—J. P.

SCIENCE AND THE STARS: Astronomy has long held first position among the physical sciences, as far as popular interest is concerned. American newspaper editors have recognized this fact ever since the 1830's when the old *New York Sun* boosted circulation with its famous "Moon Hoax" series about lunar people with bat-wings and copper-colored hair. For a few years after Hiroshima and Nagasaki atoms rated ahead of stars as subject matter for the general reader, but now stars have come back into their own again. During the past six months at least a dozen fine books have been published about astronomy, all of them addressed to the layman and most of them written by astronomers (who for some reason seem more willing to explain their work than other scientific specialists). The three books reviewed in this column are welcome additions to the list.

"Pictorial Astronomy" (Crowell, $4.50), by Dinsmore Alter and Clarence H. Cleminshaw, starts by examining the sun, planets, and other bodies in our own backyard cosmically speaking, and then moves on to more remote parts of the universe. Drs. Dinsmore Alter and Clarence H. Cleminshaw of the Griffith Observatory in Los Angeles manage to include a great many facts and figures without slowing the pace of their story. Their success is due largely to first-rate writing combined with a refreshing readiness to consider questions that cannot yet be answered completely, usually the most interesting questions of all. For example, their last chapter discusses life in solar systems other than ours. They estimate that at least ten billion stars within the range of Mount Palomar's 200-inch telescope have planets, and it is an excellent bet that a large number of these distant satellites are populated with living things. If this is, indeed, the case, the universe contains samples of all stages of evolution: "Other races would exist in the full vigor of their civilization. Still others, like us, would be dreaming of the future . . . and on yet other planets the very beginnings of life would be spawned."

—J. P.

POSTWAR MUSIC: PERFORMERS

(*Continued from page* 19)

hand, Thomas Schippers may be cited as a youngster to watch, and Dean Dixon as a man whose European experiences have formed him to a promising mold.

Looking over another aspect of the orchestral field, one discerns that the horn players are not trying to compete any longer with a Bruno Jaenicke or an Anton Horner, but endeavoring, in an American tradition, to keep up with one of the Joneses (Mason, of the Philadelphia's first chair); no longer is the premiere flutist to be addressed as Georges or Pierre, but simply "Julie," by which virtuoso Baker of the Chicago Symphony is known to his colleagues; and Leonard Rose has followed a classical European precedent good enough for Emanuel Feuermann and Gregor Piatigorsky by graduating from the first desk of an orchestra (in his case the Cleveland and Philharmonic Orchestras, in theirs the Berlin Philharmonic) to esteem as a concertizing cellist. Even the Boston Symphony has receded from its long-time custom of recruiting first-desk woodwind players exclusively from Europe to welcome not only Americans, but even Doriot Anthony, a lady flutist, to its exclusive ranks.

Among other practitioners, the situation may be described as the status quo, only more so. That is to say, a community which produced a violinist of the caliber of Albert Spalding, a pianist as good as Frank Sheridan (though some evil genie reserved him from suitable recognition), or a vocalist of the capacity of Roland Hayes had no occasion to apologize at any time. Today we are fortunate not only to have people as good, but much more numerous in every category than previously.

To some extent, the aforementioned considerations of supply and demand exist here, too. But I am staunch in my feeling that the supply is better suited to answer the demand than ever before; if not, there should be a Congressional investigation into the amounts expended since 1920 by such institutions as the Juilliard, the Curtis, the Eastman Schools of Music.

When before could one cite two violinists among the world's foremost six who were not merely Americans, but not Russian? Though Isaac Stern is regularly labeled, in Europe, as the "Russian-American" violinist, he is as home-bred a product as Jack Benny. (Such slurs are not directed against Menuhin, perhaps because he is a phenomenon outside of categorization.) William Kapell has given reassuring evidence recently of growing up to his enormous pianistic endowment, and the concert halls seem to be full of such people as Sigi Weisenberg, Byron Janis, Leon Fleisher, Leonard Pennario, Eugene Istomin (American trained, anyway), Seymour Lipkin, Gary Grafman, Eugene List, and Jacques Abrams treading on each other's octaves.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the whole wide range of interpretative talent now bearing the label "Made in America" is its resources in scholarship as well as virtuosity. Ralph Kirkpatrick harpischording at one extreme, William Warfield singing Monteverdi or Loewe at another, the Juilliard Quartet playing Bartók, or the devoted Carl Weinrich brooding over Bach are conditions of musical excellence immune to nationality or locality. The salient fact, indeed, about the performance of music in this country now is that the barriers are down, the old preconceptions shattered, the way open for new American talent to compete on a basis of merit alone with the traditionally favored import.

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POSTWAR LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 12*)

rians more than for the sake of truth. Mr. Griffin is concerned with an odd theme these days: the necessity to renounce sexual, or more accurately carnal, pleasure in order to achieve spiritual truth and serenity.

It should be evident by this time that I am not one for arbitrary divisions in any area of human activity. But Mr. Griffin's touch is so fresh, and the dramatic action in his novel is so effective, as to stir in you the strangely persistent and no doubt highly neurotic yearning to achieve all by sacrificing all. His book is symptomatic of another trend among the new writers—the return to the security of a religious universe. But it is not fanatical, authoritarian, or the least bit fashionable in its values. It seeks a personal salvation which one respects.

This is quite different from the breed of New Critics, who have recently taken over the back pages of the *New Republic*—of all places—and whose right hand, apparently unknown to the left hand which directs the front pages of the magazine, constantly tips the hat in a sort of tedious homage to T. S. Eliot's universal religion. How schizophrenic can you get?

IN this survey I have slighted the *New Yorker* school, best represented by Merle Miller, Irwin Shaw, and Edward Newhouse. And I should mention, on the opposite end of the literary spectrum, the experimental writing which is represented in the New Directions anthologies. From this source, Tennessee Williams is a novelist and story writer, as well as dramatist, who has enriched the formulas of advance-guard writing. Jack Jones is another young writer who brings to the forms of symbolist and surrealist fiction an unusual kind of humanity and humor. Among the members of the "middle-generation," and whatever one may say of particular limitations, such figures as Robert Penn Warren or Mary McCarthy or Anais Nin carry on the prestige and the authority of the professional writer (and I don't mean the commercial writer) in the United States today.

For both the older and younger members of the writing community today are now operating in the shadow of the literary revival of the 1920's. Their movement can no longer be a vain rehearsal of a vanished epoch. But they also face a completely different historical period, and a far more difficult one for the arts, if not for civilization itself. It is ridiculous, I think, to discredit the social novels of the 1930's simply because the Russian Revolution turned out to be a failure. The best of these novels were actually oriented to the native rather than the foreign scene. But in our own period the most generous visions of social idealism have turned into the horrid nightmares of tyranny and deep oppression.

Where can a writer turn who still wants to root his work in the reality of his own time?

The disenchantment of the literary left, which in many cases has become the extreme right, hangs heavy over him. He can't quite be reassured by the notion that when Frigidaires are distributed to every nook and cranny of darkest Africa (or Asia) the trials of a revolutionary century will be solved. He faces indeed the prospect of the literary cosmos which was first prophesied in native letters by Jack London's "Iron Heel."

I mean a world of conspirators and bloody massacres; of levels upon levels of spies and informers; of disappearance and disguise; of anonymous men who wander, without a country, without a home, without a name, through the universal instability. As in George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-four," this is also a world of continual warfare, of shifting politico-military alliances, and daily revision of the faiths, allegiances, and beliefs which depend on history's flux.

Pity the poor artist! The retreat either to the modes of personal sensibility or those of religious and social authoritarianism may be a refuge for him. But it is hardly a source of great art any more. The real drama and content of his period lie directly at the center of the chaos that surrounds him. It is there he must turn to come close to the spirit of the age, if he can only catch it. And surely no literary subject matter could offer him so many opportunities along with so many dangers. For our part we can only keep the boundaries of the middle way as wide as possible for him, preserve him from false orthodoxy, let him speak his mind without benefit of Congress—or even of captious critics.

This seems to me at least what some of the new voices of the 1950's might begin to do, along with the things which they have always done, and which, as I hope, in their infinite variety and blessed perversity, they will continue to do.

POSTWAR ART

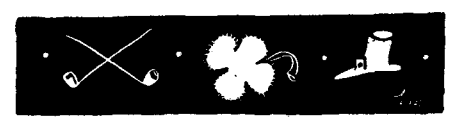
(*Continued from page 19*)

or metal. Even those which are less conventional as to medium do not shriek for technical attention. Their craftsmanship is thoughtful and solid rather than deliberately shocking.

The stylistic range of postwar American sculpture is also impressive. The rugged, expressionist forms of Herbert Ferber and Theodore Roszak are vastly different from Richard Lippold's delicate yet intense precisions of balance or from Ibram Lassaw's shining cages for space. But all four men are surely among our finest contemporary sculptors. When we add to their number such men as David Smith, Peter Grippe, and David Hare we arrive at a group perhaps unrivaled for quality abroad except by the young Britishers who have followed in Henry Moore's wake, though owing him little in style. And in spite of dire feminist warnings received when last I wrote here of two fine painters as being women also, I am not forgetting the names of Mary Callery and Louise Bourgeois, both of whom have made a decided and—I still insist—distinct contribution to present-day American sculpture.

In painting, two men, Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock, have emerged as leaders of the postwar school in New York. De Kooning's progress has been slow and conscientious; for a number of years he was known chiefly by small, realistic, and extremely precise drawings which made their way from time to time into the stock of a 57th Street dealer. But lately he has moved ahead to an abstract style whose tonal restraint is an integral part of its exceptional vigor. I would bet that his big "Excavation" at the Art Institute of Chicago will one day rank at the top level of postwar American painting. As to Pollock, his spatter technique is the object of a Philistine contempt which seems often to be the reward of original and inimitable talent. It is hard to explain the almost hypnotic force which the best of his pictures have, and I can only assure you that their frenzy is authentic and real.

With De Kooning and Pollock, as pivotal figures in the School of New York, must be considered Mark Rothko, Matta Echaurren (now living abroad but still a live influence on his contemporaries here), the late Arshile



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Gorky, whose final years were his richest in conviction and skill, Richard Pousette-Dart, Attilio Salemme, Adolph Gottlieb, William Baziotes, and Robert Motherwell. When recently most of these men were shown in the final gallery of the Museum of Modern Art's show of new acquisitions the effect, I think it fair to say, was amazingly strong and memorable.

The School of New York is a vociferous one, as anyone can testify who has attended one of their panel discussions on 8th Street or one of their unplanned gatherings at the Cedar Street Tavern or their Second Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, held in January at the Stable Gallery on Seventh Avenue. But new schools *should* be vociferous, and it would be difficult to think of another moment in the history of modern American art when so lively and spontaneous a Bohemia has come into being. (I use the word "Bohemia" in a respectful sense, of course, remembering Montmartre and Montparnasse in their fruitful years, and I find it useless to argue with those for whom it connotes merely a gathering of slovenly cranks.) There are signs, moreover, that American artists are breaking away from the domination of 57th Street, even though many of them still exhibit at galleries at or near that address. There seems to be a new generation of dealers, quite widely scattered throughout New York City, who are close friends and champions of living artists rather than detached merchants for their wares. The fanfare is considerable, but no one can say this time that it has been drummed up primarily by publicity agents and/or conspirators from France.

The trouble with fanfare, of course, is that it tends to drown out the names of those working outside its acoustical orbit. If, for example, I were asked to name some promising newcomers on the American art scene, I think I would list three who were not in the Stable Gallery show: Herbert Katzman, who deservedly won an important prize at Chicago a year or so ago; Joseph Glasco, a born draftsman whose color improves steadily; and William Congdon, whose studio is in Venice and who has had the courage to make of that city's shopworn subject matter something altogether fresh and vivid. And even in so narrow a survey as this we should not forget the extra-territorial names of men like Rico Lebrun (California), Mark Tobey and Morris Graves (Pacific Northwest), Hyman Bloom (Boston), and many, many others. Nor the name of a New York cartoonist—Saul Steinberg—who is one of the truest artists of them all.

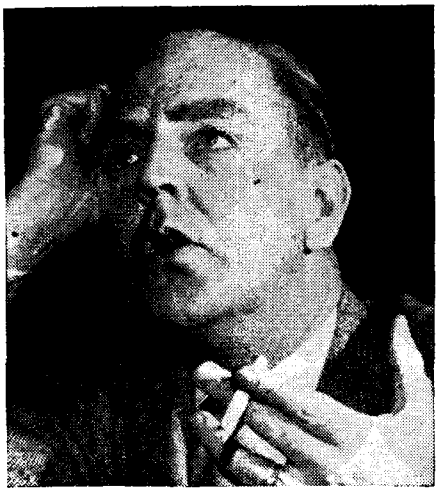
THE POSTWAR GENERATION: PLAYWRIGHTS

(*Continued from page* 16)

University of Michigan in 1938 as an extremely promising playwright, but stayed alive by radio, film and novel writing, plus some plain manual-labor jobs until his second play, "All My Sons," was produced in 1947. In addition, Miller has a very strong sense of his own inviolability and a logical mind which permits him to be flexible when necessary.

Dropping down the ladder (not so far as it might seem to the people below) we find a second echelon of writers who despite some success are nevertheless regarded as unproven. They include William Inge, whose "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "Picnic" are memorable mainly for the truth and universality of the characters in them; Arthur Laurents, whose "Home of the Brave" and "The Time of the Cuckoo" demonstrate an insight into American mores and are embellished with good dialogue; Carson McCullers, whose "Member of the Wedding" is poetic, comic, and mood-rich; and Joseph Kramm, whose "The Shrike" so masterfully depicts the plight of the nonconformist in our society.

Ranking lower but nevertheless with similar potentialities are such as Truman Capote and Herman Wouk, both successful novelists whose first plays failed to go; George Axelrod, whose "The Seven-Year Itch" is a smash hit comedy that, however, does not go much beyond simple entertainment; and Richard Nash, Horton Foote, Robert McEnroe, Sig Miller, Norman Rosten, Irving Ravetch, and Robert Anderson. Also, of course, there is Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the books to the musical comedies "Brigadoon" and "Paint Your Wagon,"



William Inge—"universality of characters."

and adapters like William Archibald ("The Innocents") and the teams of Berney and Richardson ("Dark of the Moon") and Chapman and Coxe ("Billy Budd").

SOME of the other playwrights mentioned above may have as much or even more talent for writing as have Williams and Miller, but in almost every case the same conditions which these two playwrights were able to overcome have partially defeated them. There are many plans in operation, and more projected, which aim at alleviating the bad situation that exists. The New Dramatists Committee, which helps its members to learn their trade, both by sending them to rehearsals of Broadway plays and by producing their plays in audition form; the Actor's Studio, which gives the actors and directors who belong to it a chance to experiment with techniques they would not ordinarily have an opportunity to try, resulting in a pool of trained actors and directors who will impose less limitation on the playwright; the various drama schools throughout the country which accomplish the same thing on a more elementary level; the passage of new laws which will result in the building of better and more profitable theatres that may relieve some of the tension on the producer; John Golden's Playwrights' Loan Fund, which when achieved will give financial aid to playwrights; Robert Whitehead's proposed permanent repertory group, which will work closely with playwrights; and many other worthy schemes might be mentioned as examples.

While all these should be strongly supported, there is still more to be done if we are to have a theatre of new young talent as we had in the Twenties. Why cannot playwrights of ability have works commissioned? Why cannot we have a theatre which through union concessions will find a way to run the moderate success? Why cannot Washington establish a clear definition of what is treason, so that the artist will know exactly how far left or right he can swing with guaranteed impunity? Why can't we have a thriving experimental theatre that will encourage new forms of drama?

If we can do these things, and they don't seem too difficult, we will have the most vital theatre in the world. Then the term "promising playwright" will cease to be a derogatory expression.

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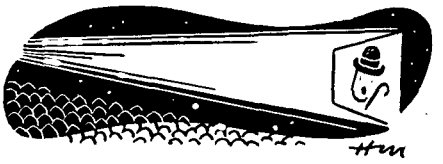
THE POSTWAR GENERATION: MOVIES

(*Continued from page 17*)

be, a producer. "I became a producer," he said, "instead of a director or writer because, in the Hollywood scheme of things, there is only one man who can make a picture as he sees it and wants it to be. That man is the producer. He has the power of final decision." Kramer, at the age of thirty-five, moved right into the scheme of things, and became a producer.

The Kramer saga can perhaps best be appreciated in terms of the kinds of movies he has *not* made. He hasn't made a technicolor musical, a picture celebrating the exploits of the United States Marines, or a Biblical spectacle. There is some question as to whether a movie of his has ever ended with a fadeout showing the girl clasped in her lover's arms, or vice versa. Not all of his movies have been large successes, either in box-office or in critical terms, but the heartening fact about his work and the success it has brought to his company is that he has pretty generally avoided most of Hollywood's stereotyped formulas. He has risen to great prominence by concentrating on the unconventional and by taking chances on the kind of movie generally considered to be box-office poison. "Member of the Wedding" and "Death of a Salesman" were thought to be completely resistant to cinematization. Kramer kept these works pretty well intact in transferring them to film, and did not compromise on their thought-provoking values or their literary qualities. Neither seems headed for large profits, neither has set the critics to shouting hosannahs, but the simple fact that they were made and brought to the attention of a larger public than would ever have been possible in their stage forms is one of the largest credits due to Kramer. They have let fresh air in, and it is the freshness of Kramer's vision that sets him apart from the producer's breed. Kramer does not play it safe, and he has shown a stubborn willingness to let his own tastes influence his picture-making schedule.

"I think I can see a persistence of viewpoint in my own set-up," he said recently. "I want high quality and I suppose I want high profits. I don't always get the maximum of either. But I do have an abiding faith that I'm right, and that helps to keep me going. In Hollywood I'm known as a producer of off-beat pictures, a risky business to be in. I've always



had the willingness to take the count if I'm wrong. At the same time the prolongation of our company depends on that success at the box-office. 'High Noon,' for example, is a point prover for investors and it makes possible many of the others which may or may not gross as well." The gross of "High Noon" to date is something around two-and-a-half million dollars. This is a large gross by all but spectacle standards these days, and it looms larger when its relatively modest $700,000 cost is considered.

ALL OF the Stanley Kramer Company productions seen by audiences to date have been made for sums ranging between half a million and a million dollars. Kramer can be said to have reformed, almost single-handedly, the B picture. It was this fact, as well as his method of operation, that turned the attention of the Hollywood moguls to him shortly after he formed his company. His first production, "So This Is New York," a flimsy version of a Ring Lardner story, was not enough to do this, but it did show enough of a profit to keep the company alive.

His next film, "Champion," also made from a Lardner story (Kramer and his partners, George Glass and Carl Foreman, had been thoughtful enough to buy up some rights to Lardner works), hit the jackpot, and then came the Kramer company's most fruitful period, one in which he could do no wrong. "Home of the Brave" was made under wraps, because Kramer was aware that the racial film cycle was starting, and it was the first to reach the theatres. It was a hit. Its thought content did not alienate the box-office; its lack of well-known stars did not handicap it. The picture, it must be admitted, was a somewhat superficial study of the racial question, but it had shock value and a tightly written script by Carl Foreman. Youth was being served, indeed, in this case, for Mark Robson, a man in his middle thirties, directed. "The Men" brought Marlon Brando to the screen; in many ways it is the most successful of Kramer's films.

The Kramer Company took a new tack with "Cyrano," and Kramer's judgment once again was vindicated. He had made four solid hits in a row; all had been made for a good deal less money than had been thought necessary for their adequate treatment; he had thrown out the star system and proved he could do without it. This was earth-shaking news to Hollywood at the time.

In fact, Kramer went so far as to make a revolutionary statement: he would sign none of the stars developed by him for additional movies. This meant that he kept not the slightest hold on Kirk Douglas, Ruth Roman, José Ferrer, and Marlon Brando, all raised to star status by Kramer. "We're interested only in making pictures, not in making money on loanouts. Moreover, you can't make good pictures when you are forced to tailor stories for contract stars whose weekly salaries are gobbling up the overhead. Our stories will be cast only after they are written."

Kramer's method for producing the low-budget film involves the pre-rehearsal plan, not a new idea but one largely neglected in Hollywood. By getting key personnel together two weeks before the start of shooting—when the heavy budget money begins to be spent—actors would get to know their parts, construction problems would be solved, directors and the cameramen would work out their shooting angles. The catch is that finance capital is generally made available for, the independent producer on the day that shooting starts. It took much of Kramer's persuasive power (one of his largest assets) to intrigue the banks and private investors into making funds available for the preparation period. He demonstrated to his backers how the inevitable mistakes made during shooting, with an expensive production crew standing around, eat into budgets at the rate of two thousand dollars an hour. This money could be saved, and Kramer saves it.

The Kramer production group has undergone a good many changes since its origin. His first important associates were Carl Foreman and George Glass, a veteran publicist. Glass is still with Kramer, but Foreman has not only left the company, but left Hollywood. This fact deserves a note in itself.

In October of 1951, while "High Noon" was before the cameras, Foreman was called up before the House Un-American Activities Subcommittee and asked some questions about some alleged associations and activities in Hollywood. He was an uncooperative witness, and the doors started closing for him at once.

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Kramer bought out his interest in the company; Foreman tried to form one of his own and failed; he then left for England. He had written the scripts for "Champion," "The Men," "Home of the Brave," and "High Noon," and it was the latter movie for which Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinneman were honored by the New York Film Critic's Circle at their recent dinner. Foreman was not present, nor was his name mentioned while honors were being passed out. A friend of Kramer's said to me, in discussing the incident: "Kramer did what he had to do, I guess, or go out of business. I'll tell you this, though. I'll bet he's had more sleepless nights over the affair than Foreman himself."

Kramer, after his unbroken string of hits, was offered the executive post at three of Hollywood's large studios. He refused these offers and entered into partnership with Sam Katz (who brought new capital into the firm) with the purpose of expanding his production. Shortly after announcing a new schedule, his present arrangement with Columbia Pictures Corporation came into being. The Stanley Kramer Company contracted to produce thirty movies—six a year—over a period of five years, using Columbia's studio facilities and releasing arrangements. Seven of these movies are now on view, among them "Death of a Salesman," "The Four Poster," "The Happy Time," and "Member of the Wedding." Ironically, it was "High Noon," the last of his movies made under a releasing arrangement with United Artists, that has proved his biggest money maker. Three more movies for Columbia are in process, "The Five Thousand Fingers of Doctor T," "The Cyclist's Raid," and "The Caine Mutiny," the latter being made on his biggest budget, a two-million-dollar one. Rumors, fairly solidly based, have it that with the completion of "The Caine Mutiny" Kramer's contract with Columbia will be annulled by mutual agreement, and his six-a-year phase will come to an end. Those close to Kramer feel this development is for the best. They feel that, shrewd as he is, budget conscious as he is, Kramer has a strong creative flair, and that this part of his nature works best when he confines himself to a less exacting schedule. "Stanley likes to make the decisions," one friend said, "and there are just so many decisions a man can make and stay healthy." Kramer has stayed healthy all right; at the age of thirty-nine he has only six gray hairs. By the looks of things you're just a boy in Hollywood these days if you own only six gray hairs.

THE POSTWAR GENERATION: HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 15)

most part they are Ph. D.'s whose feet are firmly planted on some academic escalator, for the day when history professors felt above the necessity of writing good English is gone. By and large the academicians now produce quite as readable books as the so-called professional writers, and because they have higher standards of research they have a good deal more to say. It is worth noting, also, that many of them are the children or grandchildren of recent immigrants. This fact in and of itself is truly significant. Perhaps the literary ascendancy of New England and the Northeast has not yet been broken, but the Anglo-American monopoly, even in that area, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

The scholarly interests of the new writers depart quite considerably from those of the two preceding generations. They show a certain impatience with political history of the kind that won so much attention from historians at the turn of the century. Dead political facts seem to them somehow not very meaningful; besides, the amount of work already done along this line is discouraging. Neither are they sold altogether on the primarily economic approach that so entranced their immediate predecessors. The gloomy years of the Depression decade tended to focus their attention on sociological and humanitarian values; they are therefore interested in social and intellectual history, in the history of ideas. Such men as the senior Schlesinger of Harvard, Gabriel of Yale, Commager of Columbia, and Curti of Wisconsin have bridged the gap between the two generations, and have had much to do with speeding the new writers along the course they have taken. But to this movement the younger men have added much momentum of their own. They have, too, a genuine interest in the subject of reform; when they do anything spectacular in political history it usually exploits this theme. Also, they are still sufficiently war conscious to have a certain concern with war history, a concern which, oddly enough, seems to turn them no less toward the Civil War than toward the war they have just been through. And, finally, they have the inevitable urge of youth to set the oldsters right. The words "debunking" and "revisionist" belong to any earlier age, but the idea they convey is ageless. Every generation feels obliged to put the generation that preceded it in its place.

Examples of excellent writers of social and intellectual history abound. Oscar Handlin in two admirable volumes, "Boston's Immigrants, 1790-1865" (1941) and "The Uprooted" (1952), has opened up new vistas in this familiar subject. He seems at the moment less interested in the effect of the immigrant on America than in the effect of America on the immigrant, but eventually he should help us to a better understanding than we now have of the total role played by immigration in American history. Henry May in "Protestant Churches and Industrial America" (1949) studies discerningly the impact of the new industrialism upon old religious and ethical concepts. Richard Hofstadter in "Social Darwinism in American Thought, 1860-1915" (1944) points out how those who cherished the old "dog-eat-dog" system of free enterprise found a convenient apology for their ruthlessness in Darwinian philosophy. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in "Orestes Brownson: A Pilgrim's Progress" (1939), finds premonitions of the new day as far back as the Jackson era.

On the subject of reform, George E. Mowry in two excellent books, "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement" (1946) and "The California Progressives" (1952), turns back to the beginning decades of the twentieth century and gives more credit to the first Roosevelt and the men who supported him than some scoffers would wish. Russell B. Nye in "Midwestern Progressive Politics" (1951) traces with a sure hand the various movements of agragrian reform from the Civil War to the present—a much-needed synthesis. More concerned with what reformers were thinking than with the mechanics of reform movements, Eric Goldman in "Rendezvous with Destiny" (1952) discusses the ideas that led men to break with tradition and to experiment with change during the same period covered by Nye. Goldman is one of the outstandingly superior writers of the new dispensation, and more of the same quality from his pen will be eagerly awaited.

Military history shows itself most spectacularly in the monumental series "United States Army in World

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War II," now being edited by Kent Roberts Greenfield and published by the Historical Division, Department of the Army. This series of necessity is a cooperative project, and the names of the participants are too numerous to be mentioned here. It is safe to predict that many of them will be heard from later on with independent productions. New writers on the Civil War include Kenneth M. Stampp, who in his most recent book, "And the War Came" (1950), studies the reasons why a peace-loving people chose to countenance resort to war; and, in an earlier volume, "Indiana Politics and the World War" (1949), concentrates on the backwash of the conflict in a single state. T. Harry Williams in "Lincoln and the Radicals" (1941) and "Lincoln and his Generals" (1952) sets forth with skill the problems of a wartime executive in dealing, on the one hand with political meddlers, and on the other with the military. Fred Harvey Harrington in "Fighting Politician: Major General N. P. Banks" (1948), although handicapped by the mediocrity of his subject, presents in one character the perils that a nation can suffer from a political general and from a military politician.

Nearly all the younger historians see motes or even beams in the eyes of their predecessors, and a few of them concentrate rather on pointing them out. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., led off in this class several years ago with his "Age of Jackson" (1945), which joined in the rising chorus of criticism of the Turner hypothesis, and found principally in the cities and in the working classes of the cities the ferment of democracy. Schlesinger saw significant parallels, sometimes perhaps a little forced, between the age of Jackson and the age of Franklin D. Roosevelt. This latter age, we understand, now engrosses his chief attention, and his biography of FDR will be awaited with great interest. Richard Hofstadter in "The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It" (1948) also belongs in this classification. By centering his attention on what opposing leaders have agreed upon instead of upon their differences, he seeks to discover the authentic bi-partisan American tradition. But his handling of the great names of American history is by no means traditional and led one reviewer to observe that this is a "book without a hero."

These are only samples, fair samples I hope, of the younger writers and their work. As a group they are by no means complacent and can hardly become so. They are searching for answers that may never be found, but the search, they know, is well worth their best efforts.

THE POSTWAR GENERATION: POETRY

(*Continued from page* 14)

Broadway comedian. This elaborate joke pleased none but the very few; the joke was inept and ill-considered and it clouded the merits of several gifted poems in the book. As I read them, the poems are directed at human folly, which is a larger and more enduring target for satire than any of Schwartz's contemporaries have found. Wit without serious intention beneath bright surfaces is either trivial or flabby; it is the underlying seriousness of Schwartz's poetic wit that holds the promise of future as well as present accomplishment.

Less effective, less memorable than Schwartz's wit are the half-satirical poems in Randall Jarrell's fourth book of poems, "The Seven-League Crutches." One almost wishes that the brightness, the malice, so evident in Jarrell's reviews of his contemporaries were present in his poems. One is not rewarded by rereading them; they are loosely written and are haunted by journalistic themes as well as echoes of self-pity. The promises of an earlier book, "Blood for a Stranger," are not sustained. Something of the book's character is in its title, "The Seven-League Crutches" with its undertones of teen-age baby-talk.

Nor are the recent books of Peter Viereck more promising than Jarrell's. Like Jarrell's, many of his intentions are in the direction of journalistic satire; in "First Morning" the poems seem to have been written between several cups of coffee and glancing through the morning paper. It is possible to agree with some of Viereck's sentiments; he is impatient at the sight of left-wing sentimentality in print: his opinions seem hastily honest and clear. He has acquired, rather than mastered, several forms of lyric verse, but for the purpose, I suspect, of having poems published before the timeliness of his opinions has gone stale. It may seem harsh to Viereck to set him up as a warning to his contemporaries, yet his lyric verse shows a lack of sensibility to music that is general among poets of his generation. His verse lacks the presence of the inner ear that made Alexander Pope's heroic couplet superior to all who in high fashion imitated him; literal proof of Pope's lyrical genius is in Handel's setting of some few of Pope's lines to music.

A better prospect for the future of recent poetry is in W. S. Merwin's first book, "A Mask for Janus"; it has the virtues of unified language and feeling, sensitive, muted rhymes, and clear imagery. With all this promise it has possible dangers, dangers that are implicit in the merits of the book; the poems seem to exist without shades or conflict of emotion, and in the writing of his longer poems monotony comes into control.

MOST of the poets I have mentioned have received due measure of critical attention, but what of others under forty who have received less and are relatively unknown? Among these is Barbara Howes, whose privately printed "The Undersea Farmer" (1948) improves upon fresh turning of its pages. It is ungentle New England verse; its language is its own and carefully controlled. Barbara Howes is slightly outside the circle of those who contribute too readily to magazines and when her poems are descriptive the gray and less familiar aspects of New England are uncovered. The uncompromising nature of her poems, their directness and stern wit are promises of future if hard-won excellence.

Within the last three years two other lesser-known poets have come to my attention: the first is Arthur Gregor, born in Vienna and by profession an engineer, whose occasional poems have appeared in *Poetry* and *Accent;* he has written a play in dramatic verse which was produced two seasons ago at the University of Illinois. No poet under forty in this country has a better command of dramatic form in poetry than Gregor; and in his poems, several of which are vividly placed within a European setting, no young poet has shown greater inventiveness in creating new

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verse forms. He is the only younger poet that I know of who in spirit has the promise of a new and unpredictable *avant-garde* in America.

The other poet is John Logan, instructor of Greek and zoology at Notre Dame, the youngest of all poets I have mentioned here. His religious poems have within them none of the clichés of religious verse. He knows Greek well, and he has applied Greek and Latin discipline to the writing of Christian devotional verse.

Poetic talent in the United States has never presented a dull prospect, nor is it dull today. Contrasted with the scene of thirty years ago, it would seem that younger poets have grown older; by that I mean that few have achieved a position of influence as quickly as did E. E. Cummings, Hart Crane, and Allen Tate, and—in a slightly earlier period—Edna St. Vincent Millay. Superficially the scene is less controversial; yet it is too soon to have elaborate theories as to why this change has taken place. Several poets now over forty, Theodore Roethke and Jose Garcia Villa among them, seem young by virtue of the facts that they are not generally accepted and that their verse has in it elements of surprise. Their poems are unpredictable in quality—in other words, they are writing in one of the best traditions of Romantic verse. They have the advantage of being singular. Another poet who is content to mend his own fences and build his own walls is W. T. Scott, who is unlike both Roethke and Villa and is young by virtue of his ability to grow in stature. His poems are of the elder New England tradition.

The brief comments I have made on the poets in this essay reveal, I think, the variety of poetry written in the United States today. As to the poets themselves, the survival of their gifts and their imagination often depends upon an ill-defined word: "character." Some poets may invoke luck, accident, or chance. Others may remember that W. B. Yeats did not; had he died at forty the wealth of his gifts would have remained immature.

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(Continued on page 66)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 65)

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AUTHOR COLLECTING FOREIGN HEADDRESSES of all kinds, shapes and sizes. Interested in everything from caps to crowns. Send description and asking price. Box N-550.

YOUNG MAN (non-driver) desires share expenses with car owner for vacation Mexico, July 4 - August 4. Box N-647.

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OPERA

SOPRANO, COACH—voice, opera, song—MAXINE DORELLE presenting "Dorelle Opera Cameos," alternate Monday evenings: March 16, "Aida"; March 30, "La Boheme"; April 13, "Tosca"; April 27, "Lohengrin." Information at studio 1105, Carnegie Hall, 154 West 57 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-7945.

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For Sale

GULF COAST, BRICK-STUCCO HOME, 729 E. Beach Blvd., Pass Christian, Mississippi. Beautiful 1850 architecture, 7 bedrooms, 4 baths; can be used as 2 apartments. Corner lot 129 feet; front facing wide sand beach, 300 feet deep. Inquire E. A. Sang or your agent.

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CHARMING OLD HOUSE, 8 rooms, all modern. Large lot, low taxes, nice views, pleasant village. 1 hour and 15 minutes from New York. Price: $18,900. Owner occupied. Box N-551.

COUNTRY INN—10 bedrooms, 5½ baths. Meal Service equipment for 75. $50,000. MOTEL with grill and small modern home. $42,500. MRS. ARTHUR F. LANDON, Agent, Route 7, Brandon, Vermont.

OUR HOUSE — "old-charming," "modern-convenient," year-round; Southern Vermont; college town. Separate ell apartment income would amortize mortgage. Box N-652.

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"AMERICAN HISTORY ORIGINS," Travel Course on Wheels, 3 hours college credit, June 29 - July 10. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 990

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

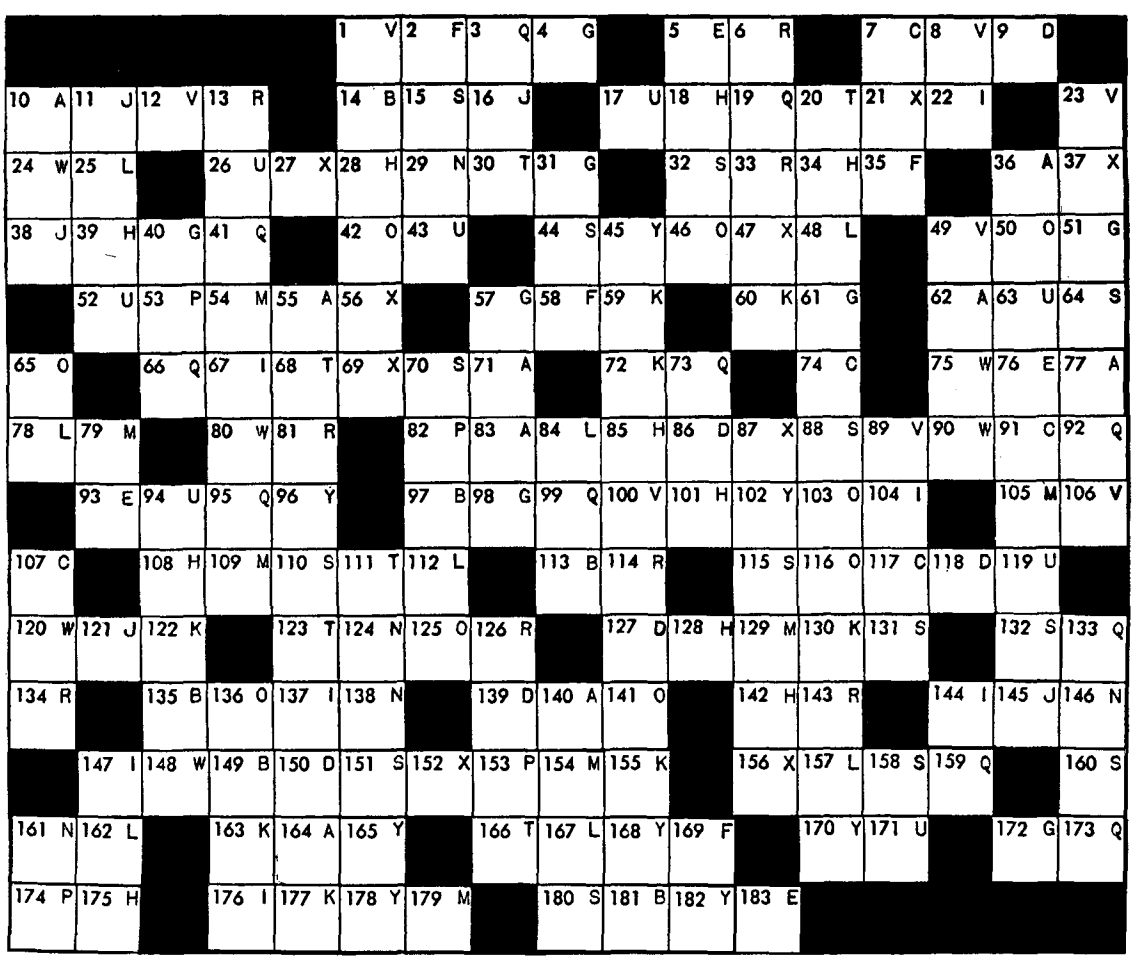
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. His uniform is distinguished by one 2-inch band of gold braid.	10 83 62 55 164 77 140 36 71
B. Home of the brave.	113 181 149 97 14 135
C. A soft, twilled silk (or now silk-and-rayon) named for a town in India.	91 117 107 74 7
D. Either of two diseases, one of the mouth and throat in human infants; the other of the feet of some animals.	86 139 9 150 118 127
E. Heritable land of a family or tribe.	76 183 5 93
F. Well-known Uruguayan writer, 1872-1917.	169 2 35 58
G. Space underneath a desk.	4 57 31 40 98 61 172 51
H. An early step in the making of a movie star (2 wds.).	175 108 85 128 101 34 28 18 39 142
I. Any small elegant villa in the grounds of a large establishment.	176 104 67 147 22 144 137
J. TV word for the transmission or reception of sound.	11 145 16 38 121
K. Day in Holy Week given to the custom of washing the feet of the poor.	59 177 122 130 60 155 72 163
L. Lacking in familiarity from close association or study.	84 162 167 78 25 48 157 112
M. Particularizing the "Crosses" set up by Edward I to commemorate each resting place of his queen's coffin from Nottinghamshire to Westminster.	154 79 54 129 179 105 109
N. Basic element of musical composition.	29 146 124 161 138
O. How St. Paul told the Philippians he had learned to be content, "in whatsoever state" he found himself.	42 65 46 116 103 141 136 125 50
P. One proponent of a bill, 1920, returning U.S. railroads to private ownership.	53 174 82 153
Q. What's left; remnants (3 wds.).	3 95 159 73 99 19 66 173 133 41 92
R. Got to the bottom of.	81 33 6 126 143 13 114 134
S. Opposite number in 1829-33 of the recent Presidential "Brain Trust" (2 wds.).	180 88 115 160 32 158 70 64 132 44 151 15 110 131
T. Small beetle of many kinds, most of which are highly injurious to valuable plants.	123 166 111 68 20 30
U. The irreducible minimum.	94 17 52 43 26 63 119 171
V. Figuratively, anything of small cubic content.	89 106 100 49 23 8 1 12
W. Clerks in the Navy.	120 24 80 75 90 148
X. A very pure, transparent, white gelatin made from the air bladders of certain fishes.	69 152 27 156 21 87 37 56 47
Y. Color specially dear to the matron (2 wds.).	182 178 102 96 170 45 165 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 65 of this issue.

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What's your score on these questions about JAMES JOYCE

considered by many to be the most influential writer of our time

Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems," and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John H. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

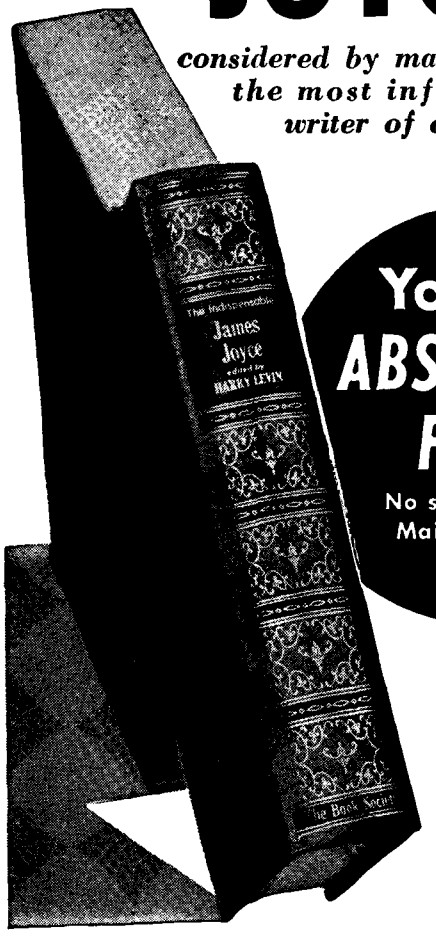
Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Answer 4: "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," from "The Dubliners," a collection of Joyce stories.

Answer 5: By writing "The Exiles," a powerful 3-act play, and his only play.

Answer 6: The 768-page edition of James Joyce — yours free — when you mail coupon below.



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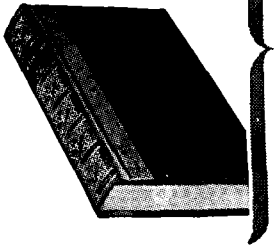

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